THE

SMUGGLERS,

A TALE.

THE

SMUGGLERS,

A TALE,

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE

SEA-COAST MANNERS

OF

SCOTLAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

"In days o' yore I could my livin' prize,
Nor fash'd wi' dolefu' gaugers or excise;
But now-a-days we're blythe to lear' the thrift,
Our heads 'boon license an' excise to lift."

FERGUSSON.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR J. DICK, HIGH STREET.

1819.

Edinburgh :
Printed by W. Aitchison.



THE SMUGGLERS.

CHAPTER I.

In days o' yore I could my livin' prize,
Nor fash'd wi' dolefu' gaugers or excise,
But now-a-days we're blythe to lear the thrift,
Our heads 'boon licence an' excise to lift.

FERGUSSON.

WHERE Scotland towards the east terminates in abrupt precipices—pleasantly situated in a small natural bay, surrounded by hills of considerable height, stands the almost deserted Sea Port village of Edinmouth.

Though now only enlivened by a little home trade, and a small share in the herring fishery, it was, not quite a century ago, one of the most bustling places on the coast, and possessed a large proportion both of the Baltic and Dutch trade; but perhaps what conduced more than any thing else to it's prosperity was its convenient situation for carrying on a contraband traffic with the borders both of England and Scotland and even throughout the Lothians themselves; indeed this might have been called its staple for all the merchants from the highest to the lowest, "did a little in this way," and some of them were professed Smugglers, and not a whit the less respectable for it—provided always they were successful.

In the rocks towards the North are large caverns, the bounds of which were unknown or known only to the Smugglers; they were almost inaccessible but by sea, and were never approached except for the purpose of secreting cargoes, which were under covert

of night, and in small quantities transferred to the shops and warehouses of Edinmouth.

These caverns, besides their natural fortifications, were still further preserved from impertinent intrusion by the dread of the Smugglers, and the more awful apprehension of the invisible spirits which were said to haunt them;—as according to tradition, they had been, in former ages, the dens of cannibals.* Towards the south the jutting cliffs of the rocks afforded temporary security for small quantities of goods brought on shore during the evening, from the regular traders who lay off and on in the mouth of the bay, and did not perhaps find it convenient, or thought it improper to make the harbour with an evening's tide, and at the same time, did not choose to trouble the Gentlemen at the Custom house with the entry of such trifles.

* During the minority of James V. a banditti of reputed cannibals were burned. *Vide Pittscotie.*

There were besides some scattered openings which afforded still greater accomodation; and further south where the small water of Edinton runs into the sea, is a place called the Fairies Cove, where a ligl schooner could put in, in case of need, and set at defience every common pursuer.

The Cove is a ravine, the banks of which are about one hundred feet perpendicular, covered with brambles, and low brush wood, and here and there a solitary birch bush. The only steps by which the ascent or d scent can be effected near the coast are the slippery and uncertain fissures in the crags; and the entry from the South West is so narrow, that two or three men can with dit ficulty walk abreast; on the edges of the water, near the sea, are two smooth green plats of no great extent, where, according to traditionary legends, the fairies once sported; but the romantic scenery at the date of our history, would have afforded better subjects for the pencil of Moreland than of

Fuseli;—it was the occasional resort of the more daring *Moonlight Dealers.*

To such facilities of situation, the negligent execution of the Custom Laws, and the danger which attended putting them in force, added every other inducement t could be held out, to men either of determined courage or desperate fortune, to resort to Edinmouth and its vicinity.

It afforded likewise an asylum for people of limited incomes, who wished to enjoy foreign luxuries at an easy rate; French Wines and Brandies, Dutch Gin and Spices, Fruits, Silks, Laces, Shawls, Teas, China, &c. &c. all were to be found there much cheaper, and of better quality than in larger towns, where the merchants were under the necessity of selling the articles at a higher rate, or of adulterating them in order to procure any advantage. This induced many families who once moved in the higher ranks of life, to come and reside at Edinmouth and the neighbourhood, and though, in general

they formed a distinct society among themselves, yet their presence, their manners, and above all the teachers who were by this means induced to settle there, gave a higher tone and polish to the manners of the village, than the avocations of the other inhabitants would have given them any opportunity of acquiring. They had their balls and their races; and the occasional visits of strolling Thespians who performed in a neat Mason Lodge, gave them all the advantages of Theatrical entertainment. Pleasure, like the grave, levels all distinction, and here it brought into contact those who would not have condescended to mingle on other, perhaps more laudable occasions. The Baronet s Lady might be the partner of of the Grocer's son at the ball, and the Esquire would condescend to present a ticket to the wife or the daughter of the petty merchant, upon whose signboard the figure 4 denoted that he dealt in articles from every quarter of the globe.

——"And e'en the courtly train
Anxious the dregs of Pleasure's bowl to drain,
When fully seated with each splendid show
That elegance and grandeur can bestow.
To rural solitude they fly, will there
This faint reflection of amusement share,
When London's winter revelry is o'er,
And the dun beauty of the autumnal hour
Recals the sportsman to his native fields—
His wife and daughters quit the ancient Hall
To taste the raptures of a country Ball,
Nor does my Lord himself at times disdain
T' unbend and mingle with the homely train.

CHAPTER II.

My fathers that name have revered on a throne,
My fathers have fallen to right it;
These fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it

But loyalty truce, we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter;
The doctrine to-day that is loyalty sound,
To-morrow may bring us an halter. BURNS

ENÆAS M'BAIN was "mine host" of the Scots Thistle in the village of Edinmouth, and as staunch a Jacobite as ever drew breath When but a stripling he took up arms for the Prince, and being a fine clever boy, he was promoted to the rank of body-servant to "Murray the Traitor," at that time Secretary to Charles. After the Battle of Culloden, when Murray had made his peace with Government, and was preparing to consummate his treachery, by basely delivering up all the correspondence of his master, which would have involved many of the first families of Scotland who

were friendly to the cause, although they had not joined the Rebels; he had left all the papers which he was arranging, on purpose to carry up to London, laying open on the table of a room, which he desired M'Bain to put in order. Honest Enæas, in performing his duty as a servant, anxious about his master's affairs, inspected the papers with a laudable curiosity; and perceiving from the nature of their contents the importance of the documents, carefully collected them, and putting them into the chimney, anticipated his master—for as he used jocularly to observe to his confidential friends, he brought them more speedily to *light* than was intended. Upon Murray's discovering the officious zeal of his servant, he had him instantly committed prisoner to Fort George, whence he was sent along with a number of suspected Gentlemen to London, to be examined before the Privy Council. When brought before the Right Honourables, and interrogated as to the

reasons which induced him to commit to the flames such valuable writings, Enæas very gravely shook his head and answered in *Gaelic*. When the questions were repeated, he replied always in the same language, on which he was remanded to Newgate till an interpreter could be found, on the accuracy of whose translation they could rely. When this was at length procured, after some difficulty, they obtained from Enæas the very satisfactory information that he could neither read nor write English, a conclusion which it had never occurred to the profound statesmen of these days, might have been drawn from Enæas's ignorance of the oral language. He was kept in durance till Murray arrived in London; who declared, that the said Enæas M'Bain, when in his service, could both speak, read, and write, English fluently, but as he could procure not one single witness to corroborate his testimony, Enæas, after much threatening and flattery, was released from his confinement.

He was immediately taken into the service of a Highland Gentleman, going abroad to visit some of his expatriated relations; with whom he resided a considerable time in France, when his master dying, and leaving him a small legacy, he returned to his native country, and commenced innkeeper in Edinmouth.

From his experience, his house was most admirably regulated, and from the circumstances of his life, a friend of Charlie's never passed his door. Many noblemen and gentlemen would even come miles out of their road in order to spend a night in the house of the preserver of the estates of their forefathers.

Duncan MacGroul, ship-owner in Edinmouth, was a character the very antipode of Enæas. He gloried in being a lineal descendant from one of the "persecuted remnant;" and he still desired in as far as it was given to him, to lift up his testimony against the sins of a backsliding generation.

Where Duncan was born, is a secret of which we are not informed, for having been baptised after a field preaching, his name is inserted in no parish register, he grew up without any settled place of abode; and in his wanderings after the camp of the Scottish Israel, he had visited almost every county of the "ancient Kingdom." He preferred attending upon the ordinances to attending upon a shop, and therefore as more consonant with his views of the revealed will, he chose rather to carry a pack, than, as he said, "stand clawin his elbows behind a counter."

In the course of his peregrinations he had contrived to scrape together a few pounds, and in his waiting upon "occasions," he had got acquainted with a widow "like minded;" with whom he agreed to cast in his lot into the lap of Providence, especially as her former spouse had left her a mailin in the neighbourhood of Edinmouth, and a share of a vessel belonging to that port.

These two, whom one would almost have imagined, beyond the reach of mutual attraction, and certainly at first sight they appeared distinguished by no natural affinities; were yet very closely connected, and indeed almost inseparable companions, although whenever religion or politics became the subject of conversation, 'twas a thousand to one but they separated from each other in high wrath—but Duncan imported Wine, Brandy, and Gin,—*duty free*, and Enæas was a dealer in Foreign and British Spirits.

Their characters deserve to be further illustrated and compared. but this being too important a matter to be huddled in at the end of a chapter, we shall devote one wholly to the subject.

CHAPTER III.

As when two pilgrims in a forest stray,
Both may be lost, yet each in his own way,
So fares it with the multitude beguiled,
In vain opinion's waste, and dang'rous wild;
Ten thousand rove the brakes and thorns among,
Some eastward, and some westward, and all wrong.

COWPER.

Men frequently arrive at the same conclusions from premises widely different. Thus our two citizens of Edinmouth, the one from a principle of Conscience, and the other from a principle of Loyalty, coincided perfectly in two points of temporal and spiritual obligation,—they thought it their bounden duty, by all possible means, to cheat King George;—and to attend on no place of public worship.

Enæas believed in the divine right of Kings, as firmly as the British Solomon himself. He also contended most vehe-

mently for the sacred institution of Episcopacy;—and to doubt the propriety of the hereditary succession of monarchs, or call in question the veracity of the apostolical succession of bishops;—was treason in the one case and heresy in the other.

Duncan believed that magistracy was an ordinance of God, but that magistrates were only to be obeyed when they ruled according to Scripture and the laws of the realm; when they did not, they might be tried deposed, or brought to public execution by their subjects. Prelacy he regarded with horror,—the name of a bishop was a synonime for every thing lazy, proud, and useless; he could expatiate for hours on the divine right of Presbytery.

Enæas believed, in its literal signification, the constitutional fallacy, that the King, *(i e if legitimate,)* can do no harm.—Duncan contended, that being a sinful creature, a King, like all others, of the fallen race of Adam, might commit sin, and ought to be

punished for his transgressions.—Enæas cursed the Revolution and the *new* family; and rapping the lid of a huge silver-mounted horn, one day when disputing the point very keenly with Mr M'Groul,—his wife, who was as keen a partizan as himself, standing by—he asked him in a tone as if his queries had been unanswerable, " what have we gained by the Revolution you brag so muckle about, tell me that? or by thae upstarts?"—then sinking his voice an octave, and taking advantage of his opponent's silence, who had paused for a moment to draw breath and collect an answer; " I'll tell you,—a German kail yard, and a parcel o' hungery Hanovarians to feed, and a load o' taxes to pay which will bankrupt the nation—when our ain King left us he left a fu' treasury, an' look at it now."

'That was no fault of the revolution,' Duncan replied, 'but the just punishment of the land for a broken covenant, and a curse upon it for that damnable toleration given

to prelacy; for the people have a right to change their rulers whan they find themselves oppressed. Reason tells us that, an' the word o' God says naething against it; and for thae new folks, that need a been nae mot i' the marriage,—their being upstarts,—if they had held to the Lord and the covenants."

"An' whare did the wean that couldna gang its lane break the covenants, Mr M'Groul? if the father was sent awa, whare was the justice in sendin' awa the son? by what law o' God or man was the poor innocent bairn's right taen frae him, and the throne puttin' by him—a lineal descendant o' the auldest family i' Europe!—an gi'en to a——"

"He was nae lineal descendant, but a papist brat brought in in a silver warmin' pan."

"Brought in in a silver — gin I maun say sae," cried Mrs M'Bain, who could no longer remain neutral, "how could they bring in

a wean in a silver warmin' pan, an sae mony men stanin i' the room."

"I' the room next till't, let me set you right there, Mrs M'Bain," said M'Groul.

"Weel a weel I care na whare it was, but it was whare they couldna be mista'en, it was whare they could see weel enough whether a woman was brought the bed o' a wean or no; will ye tell me whan I lay in o' our Leesy, poor thing, that's dead an' gane, an a' the folk gaun backward an' forward, that I could hae palmed anither body's get upon Enæas there for his ain?"

"Ye ken best, mistress," said Duncan.

"Whether I ken or no, every body i' the room wad seen whether the wean came frae me or frae a siller warmin' pan—and there was the Lord Chancellor, an' the Arch-Bishop o' Canterbury, and gude kens a wha, stan'in ready to see what was gaun on; na, na, Mr M'Groul—ye may tell that to your ain wife, it 'll no gang down wi' Enæas M'Bain's.—King James the VIII. was a

lawfully begotten, an' came as fairly into the world as his father before him, an' had as gude a right to his ain as ye hae,—was he a papist i' the womb? an how could ony body ken what he would be before he could speak—before he could tell them?—its just the like o' you that hates a' kings thegither that speaks that way."

"Say *Papist* kings, Mrs M'Bain, I'm nae enemy to kings wha bear nae the sword in vain, whan they use it as they suld do, as a terror to evil doers an' a praise to them that do weel; but whan they mak' it a praise to evil doers, an' a terror to them that do weel, I say it's weel dune to tak' it out o' their hands an' giet to them that can use't better."

"Ye wad tak' a Dutchman, or a German," (continued Mrs M'Bain who paid no attention to the interruption,) or ony unco' loun that'll promise ye fair eneugh an' blaw i' your lug an' tell ye, ye'll get this an' ye'll get that, if ye'll help them to lay their hands on what disna' belang to them, an' syne

whan they hae sair'd their ain ends wi' ye, whare are ye? what the better are ye now? hae ye mair siller i' your pouch?"

"Aye aye Duncan,' said Enæas, who wished to close the debate, "it wad been the better for us a' the day, if we had stucken by our ain, we would nae hae been trysted wi sae mony guagers, an sae muckle debt to pay beside; there's a bit paper,—stretching out a tax schedule—what do you think o' that? I've gotten near on to a dozen, an ne'er a bit o'me can mak' tap, tail, or mane o' ane o' them. An' I hae to sign them too,—I wad maistly as soon sign the Covenants."

"Wes'e let that flie stick i' the wa" answered Duncan, who did not chose to engage such superior mettle as the publican and his consort and a tax paper, "we are baith suffrin' for our sin in no improvin' the advantages we ance had in our ain hands, an' its no likely that ony o' us will ever again hae an opportunity o' mistrystin' sic manifold mercies."

Abercrombie's Martial Achievements and the Transactions of 1715 and 1745 were the favourite companions of Enæas,---Wodrow, and "the Hind let loose" were Duncan's text books,—the one boasted of the heroism, the other of the religion of his country. At the name of Wallace, Enæas kindled—his national pride and his Scottish enthusiasm broke forth, and he who cared not one groat, for the dearest and most sacred of real blessings—constitutional liberty, felt his bosom swell as he talked of a more doubtful inheritance—the glorious independence of his country. He would have died to have defended Caledonia from a foreign yoke, yet he would have counted it his highest honour to have worn the chains of domestic hereditary despotism himself, and he enthusiastically would have shed his blood to have bound them on others, and rivetted them on his posterity.

Duncan revered the memory of Knox as the champion of civil and religious liberty, but chiefly as the deliverer of his country

from that worse than Egyptian bondage, the thraldom of the papal see. But his passion for religious freedom, like that of his hero's, was rather zeal for the predominence of his own sect than any love he bore to liberty of conscience,---as sincere in his attachment to particular dogmas, with equal sternness of resolve, he would have approved of the execution of their opponents in the persons of his dearest relatives. He would have gone to the stake in defence of his Creed, or to the gallows for the cause of the Covenants.

Thus it happened that when any of these points, or any thing strictly connected with them, became subject of discourse between the two—in speculation, the whole world could not have persuaded them to agree—but the practical inferences they drew, each from his own system, exactly coincided. Eneas thought King George an usurper, one who had no right to the revenue, therefore it was proper to withhold as

much of the taxes as he could—hence the propriety of smuggling, was a settled point with him.

Duncan thought "the paying of taxes was an obedential compliance with the unjust laws that enjoin them, and a sinful owning of the Dominators by whom they were enacted; therefore he ought by every means to avoid countenancing payment of them"—hence the propriety of smuggling formed an essential article in his Creed.

Enæas could go to no church, but the legal Episcopalian, he therefore chose to spend his Sundays in the fields or at home.—An Anti-popish, Anti-erastian, true presbyterian church of Christ, could only satisfy the conscience of Duncan, and there being no such within a Sabbath-day's journey, he generally kept, on that day, within his own habitation.

Both were superstitiously attached to forms of worship, but Enæas had all the laxity respecting speculative doctrines which usually accompanies a splendid ritual, while

Duncan cherished them as essentials with all the tenacity which a rigid adherence to simplicity in the mode of worship always inspires. Enæas thought a man could hardly be saved unless he acknowledged the authority of the bishop—Duncan believed their damnation was sure, who were out of the pale, and did not believe the Creed of the Presbyterian Kirk. Enæas had his doubts about the Quaker's—Duncan had none—one day when conversing upon the subject, "I'm feared, said M'Bain, "they're gaun the wrang road"—"Hell's our gude for them," roared M'Groul. "Then said honest Enæas, "the poor bodies maun e'en gang wi' us since ye wad na like to hae them in your neighbourhood."

"They may do sae" answered M'Groul, retorting the allusion to the place of final residence, which they mutually allotted, with equal liberality to each other, "an' as you an' them are baith gaen the same road, they'll no taigle you in your journey,"

CHAPTER IV.

Oh baneful cause, Oh! fatal morn
Accursed to ages yet unborn;
The sons against their father stood,
The parent shed his children's blood;
Yet when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased.—
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel.

The Tears of Scotland. 1746.

In the year 17---, a post chaise and four arrived at the town of Edinmouth, and driving up to the door of the Thistle Inn, before which stood Enæas M'Bain, ready to receive it; two young gentlemen alighted; enquiring for the landlord, "who stood with ready bow confessed," they ordered dinner, and informed him they intended remaining there over the evening.

After dinner they desired the waiter to bid his master come if he was disengaged and take a glass of wine with them---a request with which landlords in general are very seldom averse to comply.

Mr M'Bain accordingly made his appearance and performing the apologetical bows usual upon such occasions, took his seat.

After some common-place questions about Edinmouth, its trade, &c.—which our readers may easily supply if they recollect at any time to have been blockaded in a country Inn by a shower of snow, or forced by the pelting of a pitiless storm, to betake themselves for shelter to some way-side ale-house, or imprisoned in some village hotel upon a Sunday evening with no alternative but that of poring over Matthew Henry's Commentary, the Confession of Faith, or calling in the master to take the share of a jug of Toddy;—one of the gentlemen asked M'Bain if he had ever travelled, and with whom?

M'Bain who was fond of expatiating upon

the scenes of his early life, when he thought he could do so without offence, was equally shy of descending to particulars with strangers, as he had been taught caution by suffering and the many sagacious curtain lectures, in which his prudent wife used often to say, " Enæas ye shoudna be sae free o' your tongue, mind what ye've come through. He therefore merely gave a general answer, that he had travelled with a Scotch Gentleman, who died in France.

" Did you know any thing of Mr Muiravon ?' said one of his guests.

" That's the Earl's son,' cried Enæas, " weel did I ken about him.'

" He is my Father, returned the stranger.

" And an excellent Gentleman he is, an' as weel wordy o' a title as ony ane o' a' the land—Aye, are ye his son ?—But I hope you r liker your Grandfather than him —however he was'na to be blamed.

"And did you know any such person as Ewen Cameron?" said the other Gentleman.

"Ewen Cameron," replied M'Bain, "he was my ain maister's brother, are you ony frien' to him?"

"I am his nephew."

"Your name, Sir, if you please?"

"The same as his,—Ewen Cameron, only I've got another added to it—Bruce."

"I'm proud to hae twa sic Gentlemen i' my house—but whare's your father, my Lord," addressing Colonel Muiravon—he was a Colonel in the Army—"for you are a Lord, and hae a better title to it than mony ane that gets it,—though your father fought against our ain king, your grandfather didna, an' I hope his grandson wadna."

"There's now no need for stirring that question, Mr M'Bain," said the Colonel, "for happily no competitor for the Crown remains."

"The mair's the pity," replied M'Bain, "but ye ha' na' tell't me whare your father is?"

"He's residing on one of his estates in the north."

"Aye, that's the ane he got by his mother—it was a foul trick the tinkler play'd him wi' that bonnie ane o' your grandfather's i' the west, but he'll no thrive a strae the better for that."

In order that our readers may understand this dialogue, it will be necessary to give a sketch of the persons and circumstances alluded to before we proceed.

It is well known, that during both the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, many of the noble families in Scotland were divided in their politics, and ranged under opposite banners; the son against the father, and the father against the son; some from principle perhaps, but others from policy, in order, at all events, to secure the estates in the family which every party should prevail.

Like others, the noble family of Muiravon acted in this manner. The Earl ranged on the side of legitimacy, and his eldest son fought under the banners of the Brunswick succession. After the battle of Culloden the father was taken and beheaded, and his lands forfeited. The son was made Colonel in the Army, and retained or acquired the maternal estates.

In the disposal of the forfeited estates, in more liberal times when the heirs of the unfortunate sufferers were sometimes allowed to buy them back for little more than a nominal equivalent, the estate of Muiravon, among the rest, was exposed for sale,---the upset price not being much above one fourth of its value; of this, however, the true heirs did not reap the advantage. The agent employed to purchase it for the family, allowed himself to be juggled out of it by a most scandalous manœvre. A dealer in copper, who had acquired a large fortune by a lucky speculation and a ge-

vernment contract, had heard of the circumstance, and most ungenerously determined to avail himself of it. He desired an agent of his own to appear and bid, as if for the family, but to secure it for him; and he contrived it so as to mislead every person present on the day of sale;—for in general it was understood, that no gentleman would offer any opposition to the descendents of the old proprietors;—and even to dupe the Muiravon agent, and thus was procured for the son of a tinker, the ancient inheritance of one of the noblest families in Scotland, and of which two generations had faithfully served the House of Hanover.

The Camerons were somewhat similarly situated, only the father and son were not opposed in the conflict, but two of the brothers were, Donald and Allan,—Allan for King George, and Donald for the Prince. Ewen joined neither openly,—Allan was the father of the Gentleman present, and acquired the name of Bruce by marrying an

heiress. Donald was the Emigrant Enæas M'Bain had accompanied to France. Having acquainted our readers with these circumstances, we shall allow the speakers to proceed.

"Now I maun ask you,' (pursued M'Bain) Mr Cameron—Mr Bruce, that's to say, how your father is, and whare he is?"

"He's very well," answered Captain Bruce, "he generally resides in the west country—in Stirlingshire."

"I thought he had been dead," said M'Bain, "for I wrote to him some years since, an' never got ony answer; and though I caused a friend wha was gaun to the isles, to enquire, I never could hear ony thing about him; it maun be because he has changed his name an' place o' residence."

"That's very likely,—but now in return, will you have the goodness to be a little more particular in your account of your travels, and especially respect-

ing my uncle Ewen; we have heard nothing of him for a long while, and have reason to fear that he is dead; indeed I hardly recollect my father's ever receiving any letter from him, he was at best a very irregular correspondent."

"He's dead, that's true enough," replied M'Bain, "an' I wonder ye never heard o't."

"No, we never did, and my father requested me, as I remain in this quarter with our Regiment, to call upon you, and try to learn whether you had heard any thing from any of the Highland Gentlemen that visit you occasionally."

"I se tell you a' that I ken about it frae first to last. Whan your uncle Allan died, your uncle Ewen got a' the property that he left in France, except the legacy he bequeathed to me—but I needna' tell you about that, as ye wad see the will; short time after he gaed awa' wi' the Cardinal to Rome, an' married a Scotch lady in Italy, by her

he had a dochter, but they didna' gree very weel, for he took up wi' ither hizzies, an' that disna do—so him an' her parted; whare she gaed I never heard, but she took the dochter wi' her; an' he died at Rome some years syne. Saunders M'Naughton, his servant, could tell you better about that, however, for its no lang since he cam' hame; an', I believe, has some papers wi' him."

"Pray where is Saunders M'Naughton?"

"He was lang your uncle's servant, and was wi' him whan he died."

"I ask you where he is?"

"He's somewhere about London or Edinburgh, but I have never been able to find it out; only I'm sure o' this, that if he be i' the country-side, he'll no pass Enæas M'Bain's door."

"Did you hear it said if he left any money?" asked Colonel Muiravon.

"He canna but hae left siller," answered M'Bain, "for he got a good deal when

his brother died, beside what he had o' his ain; then his wife had something, no very muckle, I believe, but he had a pension frae York, they said; and then," looking to Bruce, he added,—"ye ken he was the auldest son, and the lands war never forfaulted.

Bruce, who was perfectly well acquainted with this particular, did not wish to press the subject, and closed that topic, by requesting M'Bain to endeavour to procure direction to M'Naughton, if he possibly could.

"An' whare will I send it, Sir? it may gang the gait o' the anes I sent to your father."

"You may address it to Captain Bruce, ——Regiment of Light Horse, at the county town; but as H—— does not lay very far off, and Cornet Ainslie, our assistant Surgeon, is a townsman of yours, I shall be frequently in Edinmouth, during the time we are quartered here."

"Heigh! hey! what wad your gutscher

said if he had seen you or your father takin commissions frae ony——"

"Hush! hush!" said Cameron, "you recollect—"

"I recollect," reiterated M'Bain, impetuously, "that the clan o'the Camerons wad hae raised man for man wi' ony German laird under heaven."

M'Bain was beginning to raise his voice, and might have proceeded in his philippic, had not his wife,—who was wondering at the length of time he remained, and was anxious to know the quality of her guests; for all her inquiries at the post-boys had been in vain, and she was unable to tell any of the customers, whom a laudable curiosity had brought to the public rooms, a word about them; feigning an errand into the room for something that was in a press, begged ten thousand pardons for intruding upon the company, "but she always liked to keep the keys herself"—interrupted Eneas' harrange with the unwelcome intel-

ligence that there was a gentleman below waiting to see him. Eneas, throwing an acknowledging glance at his lady, took off his glass; and, bowing to the gentleman, retired. Mrs M'Bain soon found what she wanted, and quickly followed.

"You'll send your husband back to us as soon as he's done with his friends down stairs," said Mr Muiravon, as she withdrew.

When both were gone, "I congratulate you Bruce," said the Colonel, "on the issue of our ride to old Enæas. I wish he could pick a legacy out of some of my old rebel kindred—but how comes it you never made any inquiry after your uncle Ewen before? I always understood he and his estates had gone the way of my ancestor and his, only your father had been more fortunate than mine in buying them back."

"Oh no," replied Bruce, "Allan's property would have been forfeited, and perhaps himself tried, but for the interest of my father—

Ewen never was in the field, though it was well known that he kept up a correspondence with Prince Charles, and had he proved successful would have joined, but he was so narrowly beset with spies that he could not move, and it was well it was so, for he was very rash, and somewhat foolish. After the day was lost, he was so much afraid of being implicated, that he conveyed the estate to my father in trust, and a certain sum per annum, was sent over regularly to France, to a Banking house in Paris for his use. The only notice for many years my father received of my uncle's being in existence, was the receipts for the annuity; last year he received none, nor has he received any answer to the letters, he sent to Mons. Cheveneux, the Banker, and he would have gone over to the Continent this year himself to have made inquiry into the business, had not this vile war prevented; but now you perceive it would have been unnecessary, and I hope we may be able to get

the whole settled without being at that trouble; the only difficulty will be to find out this M'Naughton; for as to the estates, my father is undoubted heir at law, as he has left no son."

"But are you certain, my captain, that he has left no son"

"Not I; how can I be, when I never heard of his marriage before this day? I should like to see his daughter; but I must question Enæas a little more on his return."

Enæas who had satisfied his wife's curiosity in all points respecting the Gentlemen, and also gratified with the same information at least seven or eight parties in the parlour and public room, was at length allowed to return to the one he had unwillingly left.

"I forgot to ask you Mr M'Bain," began Bruce, "how you had your intelligence respecting my uncle since you came home.'

"Mony a mony a ane spiers whar I get a' my news frae," replied the landlord,

"but my house you understand, Sir, is weel frequentit' by a our ain folk, they'll come far' an near till't—though I've seen the day they war mair rife than what they're now. But they're wearin' awa, an I'm no young mysel."

"Ay" interrupted the Captain, "I dare say that's all very true, but what I wish to know is, how you learned the particulars respecting my uncle, and about his family and death."

"I ll tell you that in a minute," answered M'Bain, "if you'll just gie me time ; Hector M'Naughton wha was Saunder's cousin by the mother's side, for they war a' o' the same M'Naughtons, wrought here lang as a barrowman, and brak his neck the ither year—better couldna come owre him, for after fighting for the Prince, he gaed awa to the Continent wi' that bonnie Duke an' gat himsel' wounded at a place they ran awa frae, ca'd Hasten-back.

"Well, well, what of him?" cried Bruce impatiently.

"He was nae great scholar, Sir," replied Enæas.

"Confound his scholarship, what has that to do with my uncle?"

"Ye sall hear Sir, but I maun begin again, I think I'm a wee confused wise."

"Was it any of 'our ain folk' that wanted to see you?" asked the Colonel, slyly.

"Deed no Sir, it was some very honest folk i' the fore-room wha——"

"Never mind, my dear Sir, the honest folk i' the fore-room just now," interrupted the Colonel, who marked his friend's dread at another circumlocutory introduction, "tell us at once how you got the intelligence respecting the late Ewen Cameron."

"Weel gentlemen as I was sayin', Hector M'Naughton bein nae great scholar, whan he gat letters frae his cousin abroad, he used to come to me for me to read them till him, an I used to write back for him——"

"And how was this correspondence carried on?" said Bruce.

"Whiles by ae body, an' whiles by anither."

"And he broke his neck, I think you said, some year or two ago. Has he any relations in town, or do you know what became of his letters?'

"No, I do not;" answered M'Bain, "nor do I think he has a relation in this part o' the countra."

"Then I suspect, Mr M'Bain, you can give no more information on the subject; but I hope you'll not disappoint me in finding out M'Naughton."

"I hope not," said M'Bain, and retired.

CHAPTER V.

I heard the soun' o' mirth an' daffin,
Roarin' and gaffa
An' feint a bit o' me cou'd tell
Whare it came frae ava;

The fisher-lads war i' the boaties,
* * * * * *

FORBES.

"WHAT would you think of a walk before supper, Bruce?" said Colonel Muiravon, on the landlord's retiring. "I'm not much acquainted with this coast, and should like to see a little of it."

"With all my heart.—Waiter, our hats—we return by and bye."

On being accommodated with their *chapeaux*, the two officers sallied forth toward the beach. The night was damp, raw, and uncommonly foggy; the mist rose upon the sea, in the coast-phrase, as thick as butter-milk; and, on the land, answered exactly

to the well-known description of rain called a *drizzle;* better understood by English travellers under the denomination of a Scotch Mist; it hung dark upon—or still, to take advantage of the Edinmouth dialect, " it hoodit the braes; and, like a drop-scene half drawn up, it gave all the sublimity which arises from obscure indistinctness to the " cloud capt hills," and " welkin lashing ocean,"—the chief objects about Edinmouth. A good dinner and a bottle of wine contribute astonishingly towards making a man weather tight. The gentlemen thought so, and pushed forward in spite of appearances. An excursion of about half a mile, however, suggested the idea that, even fortified as they were against a hazy atmosphere, and prepared to set coughs, and colds, and rheumatisms at defiance, yet they might sit as comfortably in the inn, without being wetted, as if soaked to the skin. Without much hesitation they adopted the idea, and were proceeding to act up-

on it, when their notice was attracted by a duet, strongly, but not disagreeably executed by invisible performers. " It must be the spirit of the mountains,—stop till the mist rolls back, we shall see another vision of Mirza ;—no ! it's from the sea---it comes from the sea ; it is the Water Kelpies music ! Again, "another dying---dying strain." After listening for some time, the sounds, evidently from the sea, came nearer, and they heard distinctly two well-tuned male leading voices at some distance from each other, singing in parts, Sir John Malcolm, and several others, male and female, joining in the chorus. While they were standing listening and admiring the music, an old sailor coming forward, they inquired at him, who they were that were so merrily engaged in such a disagreeable evening. " They are the draggers, Sir ; dragging for oysters, ye canna see them for the haar."

On pursuing their inquiry, they learned that the draggers are the only remnant of *im-*

provisatori known in the country; that they are indebted to tradition for the tune and the chorus; but the subject of the song is always taken from any passing circumstance of their occupation, and was commonly unpremeditated, with very little attention to the rules of metre; but sometimes they contained a considerable portion of rough humour, though not remarkable for delicacy.

"These," said Bruce, "are some of the descendants of the Scalds, I suppose."

"Yes, Sir, they can scald not a bad fist when they begin; but I don't think they're at that set of it just now."

"Do you understand what they are singing now," asked Captain Bruce, smiling at the sailor's remark; "I should like to hear a specimen of their sea eclogues." The The seaman having replied in the affirmative, willingly lent his assistance; and, with some exertion, they succeeded in obtaining what they found considerably more difficult to understand than to repeat.

Look ye east an' look ye wast,
Igo an' ago;
An' look ye weel about the coast,
Iram coram dago.

Look ayont an' up an' down,
Igo an' ago;
Does it sink, or does it soume?
Iram coram dago.

Ha' you gotten ony bite?
Igo an' ago.
I've seen neither black nor white,
Iram coram dago.

Cast the drag, an' cast again,
Igo an ago;
Let us ken what ye ha'e ta'en,
Iram coram dago.——*Ad libitum.*

This kind of strain continued for a considerable time, and was succeeded by the equally famed voluntary 'Oh for the trumpeter that sits on yonder hill,' a starting line like that of the Sicilian mariners hymn to the Virgin, used as a prologue to a wonderful variety of performances, amatory, execratory, and piatory; but as neither of the Gentlemen were furnished with common

place books at the time, and endeavoured in vain to repeat afterwards what they had listened to with much attention, it would be worse than needless in us to attempt to impose upon the good sense of the reader by any of our own fabrications. The listeners understood from their communicative companion, that the lines which we have copied, were not so unimportant as they may at first sight appear—particularly in hazy weather,——the season the draggers take to look after certain little bladders usually attached to small kegs of Nantz, or any other liquor that improves by lying in salt water—as they pointed out the latitudes of the said bladders, as also the bearings of the coast, and a number of other particulars very useful to these kind of sea-faring people, but of very little importance to other classes of the community.

Muiravon and Bruce, to whom all this information was perfectly new—heard in pro-

found silence the speaker who contributed to keep alive attention by broken sentences—half expressed hints—and the flattery so commonly practised by the lowest set of human brings, who own the reasoning faculty, upon those who lay claim to the highest exercise of the intellectual powers—and in which they are always successful,—such as—"Sir, we needna' tell you"—"ye ken far better than us"—"yes, Sir,"—that's very true,"—"that's a good observation,"—"weel I wad never hae thought on that if you hadna mentioned it yoursel'"—and a number of similar observations, which men of "superior minds take as the incense their "superior minds," exact from the adoration of the vulgar, and which a Scotch vulgar lavishly expend as an article of commerce from which they expect to receive a return of at least five hundred per cent.

Whatever might have been the balance of this current account of deceit between the parties—whether Muiravon and Co.

might have been brought in debtors to the extent of half a mutchkin of whisky, or escaped the penalties of a *meditatio fugae* by repaying on the spot epithets to the amount of what had been expended upon them—we cannot say, for the interesting colloquy was broken in upon by some new personages.

"Far the deel are ye gaun man? an' fat are ye deein amang ma fush? fa brought ye stoitin' there?'

"I'm sure I canna tell you," replied a speaker, the music of whose voice——

Music is the term used to signify the Middlesex combination of sounds styled by them English, and it cannot be misapplied when used to distinguish a similar assemblage of barbaric notes, in which Scots, French, and Italian, strove for mastery—the music of whose voice startled even the ear of the Colonel, accustomed as he was to foreign accents.

"I'm sure I canna tell, but I dare say the Deil did bring me here—for, for as far

as I hae travelled, I never put fit on the like o' this ground. It'll neither do for man nor beast."

"Haud aff yer lang speldrin' legs there--na he's takin' up a haddock at ilka spur en'—far's he guan now---d'ye mean to buy?"

The two officers, who had their dialogue, interrupted by this Babylonish intermixture of Buchan and Fife dialects, and who perceived the interlocutors, like the sea shore deities of Sannazarius, or rather like the genius and the fisherman in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, invelloped in the shroud of a sea smoke, advanced to reconnoitre their persons more narrowly.

Hanging over the bow, or stern—no matter, it would answer for either—of a long fishing yaul—tarred on the sides, and half filled with cod and ling, around which lay, scattered on the shore, a quantity of the same kind of fish half dried—was a tall raw-boned figure, with a dirty flannel night cap on his head, which stuck upon a few

uncombed tufts of red hair, scarcely disputed possession of the territory with the tawney fingers by which its repose was incessantly disturbed—a pair of trowsers, which might probably have once looked like white, but which were now only distinguished from black, by being a shade lighter than an embroidery of pitch, daubed on inch thick, covered his two supporters, and over the whole was thrown a large "guide brown cloakie," intended to serve the double purpose of watch coat or blanket; he was accompanying, with the most violent gesticulation, the rhetoric of which we have given a specimen—addressed to a personage who had got intangled among his property, and who was very cooly endeavouring to extricate himself, by tossing and tumbling about all the valuable merchandize.

This personage, as we shall meet with him afterwards, we shall "gie a few marks to ken him by,"—was one who might have passed for a "lang dragoon" retired from

service. He had a military air, and though now broken down, was so accustomed to walk erect, that an old female friend said of him " she didna believe he had seen the buckles in his shoon for a score o' years ;—his face was of the grave saturnine cast, though the abstraction of his teeth from their casements gave to its lower compartment a ludicrous expression, by lessening tne gradation between the superior and inferior branches of his physiognomy, and rendered the intimacy between nose and chin more close, than became the propriety of conduct belonging to their different stations ---his shoulders too, threatened to get acquainted with the " backside of his head," which latter only avoided too much familiarity, by persuading the neck to incline from its perpendicular, and the lower jaw to look downward to the breast as its point of rest, in the language of Edinmouth, which we have occasionally adopted, he was " bowl shouthered an' sklentit wi'

his head, an' was single-ey'd forbye." But in spite of all these untoward circumstances, it was clear that Fintram (the boatman's name) had acquired a considerable degree of respect for the "stramper on's fush," who wore buckskin breeches, new boots, and the remainder of whose apparel was perfectly agreeable to the uniform of his under-sheathing; for, by the time Colonel Muiravon and Bruce came within talking bounds, they heard the red-haired son of the North, who had usurped the greatest share of the conversation, in a sweet and gentlemany tone, mild as the delightful Highland flagellet, the stock-an-horn, addressing the upright shell of the antiquated semblance of a warrior,

"I'm sheer I wad na be uncivil to ony gentleman.—Fye Phullie, far are ye; fute man!" then stopping a little, he proceeded with vehemence—"Fan I get a phup o' ye, there's na wasp bike stick i' the runcle o' your hurdies, I'se warrant." Again he turned

in Norlin anger to the gentleman, who had unhooked some of the salted fish from the rowels of his spurs.

"I m sae vext I canna get awa wi' ye. —that blastit wonner, I ken na far he's gain tee; but he's fin' the saftest ply o' a rape-yarn fan he comes back;—but that macks na, I canna get him the now;—far the deel can he hae gaen;—I canna mak it out ava;—I'm sorry I canna lat you see the road;—no that I care for the drink, but ye see I canna leave the boatie—stop a weeeck, ye wad na be the war o' a bunch o speldrins to chew by the road—see, there s a fine ane; I'se no tak nae mair frae you than aughtpence for the haill—I got a shillin' for three, I'm sure a hantle war, nae lang sin sine—de'el tak that callan! far can he ha'e gaen? —its a braw sappy fush—ye'll be gawn to M'Bain's nae doubt—I'll maybe come to you—Fute aye! fute aye! here comes Phul Tingle, I'll can gae wi' you yet—O man! Phul, did na ye see our Phullie; or wad ye

wait a minute till I gae the length o' the Scots Thustle wi' this man here; he's lost the wye."

" Ye needna mind leaving your boat," said Tangle, the sailor who had come along with Captain Bruce and Colonel Muiravon, but who had 'bore a-head' like a thirty-six cruizing as the satellite of two seventy four's —" I'll pilot him to the inn.'

" That's true, I ken fine ye could do't: but ye see we've a wee bit o' buzziness tul sattle atween's, sae I wad need ging mysel."

" You may ging yoursel' then an be d—d, answered Tangle, roughly, who immediately comprehended the extent of Fintram's 'buzziness; but, turning to the other—" If you've lost your reckoning, Old Boy, and want to get to a safe anchorage, which, as you're a little crank i the cop, I perceive you would'nt be the worse of in a night like this, I'll show you a snug birth, as I just pass the door of the Scots Thistle at any rate.

But I've been dirtyin a' the fish," said the stranger, "and I promised to gie the boatman a dram, if he would shew me the way to the house."

"Aye, aye, every body knows Ned Fintram, he would not go a cable's length out of his course for nothing, to serve the Apostle Paul! come along with me."

"Stay," cried Ned, "stay, here's the callant coming. Ye neednа be in sic a hurry, Phule Tingle, we may a' ging thegither an' get a share o't."

"Phullie! Deil b'on you," shaking his fist at a boy who was coming very leisurly along---"far ha'e ye been an' fats keepit you?"

"Was na I at Trinle's seein' about payment o' that quarter o' hunner," answered a bare-head and bare-footed callant, in a tone strongly resembling that of his interrogator's, scratching his head at the same time—"an' he's na at hame naether."

"Aye, I wat, an' that's as true, fat

gurt me forget that—weel as I'm gaun that road at ony rate, I'se ca' tee, he'll maybe be come in or that time—bide ye an' tak care an' let nane o' our fush be stoun—I wad like weel to ken ance fats come o' that muckle een tee at had a rug out o' the taeside o't—see an it's no lyin' about ony wye."

The tall figure who seemed a stranger in the place, whither bewildered or charmed by Fintram's rhetoric, had borne but a small share in the conversation, when himself and his immediate interest was the subject, hastily lent in a word when he saw some appearance of a new colloquy commencing.

"If you mean to let me see the road the night, do sae at ance, an' if no you can stay, an' I'll gang wi' this honest man."

"I'm reddy, I'm reddy now, my mannie," said Fintram, throwing himself out of the boat, "but its the mist 'll no let you see the road, sae ye needna wyte me." Then

seizing the stranger by the arm, he and Tangle, along with him, took the road to M'Bain's.

The only part of their conversation by the way which was audible, was Tangle from time to time repeating half singing half swearing, 'Steady boys, steady.' Captain Bruce and the Colonel, who had been silent spectators, when they saw the cavalcade move of, retraced their steps towards the Inn, and entered the main door, shortly after the worthy triumvirate had cleared the side posts of that of the kitchen.

CHAPTER VI.

The grevious yoke of vassalage; the yoke of private life
———the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission, tenents vile,
Which slaves would blush to own! and which, reduced
To practice, always honest nature shocks.

THOMSON.

MUIRAVON and BRUCE found their room, when they returned, exactly as they had left it—bottles and glasses in *statu quo* —the *uti possidetis* being the uniform basis of all Enæas' negociations with his guests—he never allowed any of their arrangements to be disturbed during their temporary absences unless when they desired it, which our two gentlemen had omitted to do—for the Landlord of the Thistle had not been initiated into the fa-

shionable and elegant doctrine of some of the first establishments in other places—he did not consider every bottle of Wine his own, upon which his guests had merely turned their backs for a moment, and although he had no objections to use his utmost endeavours to aid them in swelling their bills by lending his paunch, a receiver of no ordinary dimensions—yet he always wished his visitants to see the disposal of the liquors for which they were to pay; and if they did order—a ridiculous practice in those days—if they did order what they could not possibly use themselves—merely for the purpose of leaving stale trash to be rebottled and served up again to the next comer, Enæas always wished them to be satisfied before he removed *the remainders*.

Were guests always equally attentive to *remainders*, they would perhaps find a Tavern bill sometimes look like a Tailor's, when the item, " *silk, twist, and*

binding" is deducted---or were young Gentlemen who cannot take that trouble, to follow the laudable example of a Buck of the North country and "destroy what they cannot drink, since all must be paid for"---even that would be of use---it would prevent an abuse as frequent in Hotels as in the War Office---the frequent return of *paper recruits*, We have thrown out these two hints, and, humbly hoping that they will not be treated as Franklin complains that Poor Robin's advices, and the generality of good sermons usually are—praised and neglected, we shall resume the "thread of our story," to use an Addisonian expression, or we shall "tak up the steeks we ha'e let doun, an' gae on wi' our wark," in the more humble phraseology of North Country stocking knitters.

Muiravon and Bruce, never expecting that they would be made to "shine in story," did what any persons in their situation, equally unsuspicious of their high destinies would have done, when they re-entered the

room where they had dined and spent the afternoon,—they put off their great coats, and sat down.

Tired with their walk, and a little *hum-drumish*, they remained for a while "in indolent vacuity of thought," the one encouraging the gutters in the candle, by taking the snuffers, and with their point, raising dams around the wick, till the melted grease broke down the brittle mound, and fluted the column. The other sketching fantastic faces on the shining surface of a clear mahogany table, with the wine which had been spilt during the evening, and incurring the curses of the maid, whose duty it was to efface the idle caricatures in the morning. At last the Colonel, who was the Hogarth of the hour, having accidentally succeeded in turning the windings of a small streamlet of Port which flowed from the *fosse* that had gathered around one of the wine decanters, into the rude outline of a harsh profile, distantly resembling the

strongly marked features of the last of the Stuarts.

"I think," said he, as he pointed it out to Captain Bruce, "I have caught the contour of our run-a-way king's countenance by chance."

"I dare say there is some kind of likeness to the ill-looking scoundrel," replied the Captain, smiling; "you have drawn him as he deserved,—in lineaments of blood; aye, and in blood wantonly spilt too—I have often wondered at the attachment of our fathers to that wretched family, who were the cause of so much misery to our unhappy country"

"So have I," answered Muiravon, "especially when I consider the manner in which the most disinterested attachment---the most uncorruptible fidelity---and the most generous devotion to their persons and service were uniformly rewarded. When I think of the want of every high and noble sentiment in the first Charles, who, under-

any circumstances could allow himself to acquiesce in the death of Strafford, and his despicable meanness of soul, that was not raised to an elevation beyond the reach of every personal consideration by the last touching letter of that nobleman; when I think on the atrocious ingratitude of his son, the second Charles, to the men who had hazarded their lives for him—who had suffered confications and exile, rather than renounce their allegiance;—when I think of the conduct of the whole towards the Scottish nation, of their total disregard to liberty in every shape, civil, ecclesiastical, domestic, and personal—when I think of the merciless inquisition introduced into the bosom of every—even the lowest family in Scotland, I am more than astonished;—my soul feels indignant at the idea, that any of my ancestors should have lost their lives and honours for such a race of miscreants, or for any of the name.

When Muiravon had finished his philip-

pic, Bruce, with a ludicrous expression of condolence, repeated the Laird of Knockspendie's prayer, "Oh, if my grandmother had been a Campbell's gude-dochter, and poured but the boiling pan into the auld Carl's boots till she had brought them off skin an' a', I would have been Laird of Knockspendie!"

In making this irreverent quotation, Bruce, alluded, perhaps, too lightly to one of the most aggravating circumstances in the family history of the Muiravons, during the unfortunate times of 1745. The old Earl, who was a man of a mild inoffensive disposition, and who was generally understood to be a favourer of the House of Brunswick, had resisted all solicitations to join either party, and would, so said report, have kept himself entirely aloof during the struggle, had it not been for his wife.

He had allowed, as we have noticed, his son to enter into the Royal Army; and his

lady, who openly abetted the Prince, irritated beyond all reasonable bounds at this circumstance, would give her lord no rest, till he either recalled his son or "raise" himself. And the battle of Falkirk having unfortunately enforced the arguments of the battle of Preston, he, in an evil hour yielded to his wife's persuasion, and balancing the interests of his family, joined that force to which the battle of Culloden has now finally affixed the epithet of Rebel.

"I understand your allusion," Muiravon replied gravely, "If she had only had as much common sense, I might have had some more substantial reasons for being attached to the reigning House, but I could have had no stronger aversion—I could not have been more decidedly, more disinterestedly hostile to the principles which justly lost the Stuarts the throne of these realms, than I am—and notwithstanding your sneer."—

"Upon my honour, Muiravon, I meant no sneer; only the old west country phrase struck me so ludicrously at the moment, that for the head of me I could not resist repeating it—I would have done so, had my own ancestors been the exciting objects."

"Aye,

Ergo tua rura manebunt.

"But you know perfectly well, that I owe owe no gratitude to the Georges—it is not their hereditary right that I would defend, but it is them as chief Magistrates of a free country—as guardians of the principles which brought them to the throne, and which keeps them there. Should they, ever like the Stuarts, send spies through the country, should they ever send traitors to to deceive the unthinking, then hang those whom they have deceived and intercommune the rest—Should they ever take out, like them, a lawburrows against their subjects, let them share the fate of the

Stuarts,—the sword I now weild for them, I should turn against them—but till then —till they choose themselves—or what is the same thing, till their sycophants do it for them—till they choose to separate what our fathers joined—their own interests and the liberty of the country;—till then I shall —fill a bumper—drink the health of King George—Now I think we had better get supper and go to bed."

The supper was very easily discussed, and a little uproar in the kitchen, which only attracted sufficient notice to make Muiravon ask "what was going on at parade below stairs?" and Bruce to reply, "some defaulters a little unruly at roll-call, I suppose; as they were going to bed, was the only other incident worth recording.

The two travellers were early risers, and having dressed, they went into the room they had occupied the night before, expecting that some one would be ready to receive them, but all was still, the doors of

the different public rooms were standing half open as they passed, and the fragments of the evening's entertainment were still remaining upon the tables; the apartments were yet unventilated—the chairs were in disorder—the fires hardly extinguished—some of the glasses broken—and the spilt contents mingled with crumbs of half-demolished biscuit, grease, and candle-snuffings, betokened the late sederunt of an over-convivial meeting in one apartment; a little more methodical confusion in another, shewed that it had been occupied by graver tenants; but in all the testimonials which had been left of the evening's hilarity, and which the darkness of the ill-admitted morning light, would scarcely allow a passenger to distinguish, sufficiently accounted for the want of early attendance; and the Colonel had sufficient time to explore the various rooms before repeated applications to the bell, produced any effect in the dormitory. At last Enæas made his appear-

ance in a pair of shoes down in the heels, without stockings, with a Kilmarnock cowl on his head, and the bristles on his superior lip starting through a layer of brown snuff; pulling up his breeches, the only garments he had on, rubbing his eyes, and roaring lustily "Lizzy, Tam, Jean,—are ye a' deaf, or dead, or sleepin; d'ye no hear the bell, its been ringin this hour an' mair!" a shrill voice accompanied this apparition, evidently emitted from a tube of as stout texture, though of smaller diameter, which remained in the room whence issued Enæas, "never war poor folk trystit wi' sic a set o' lazy guide-for-naething neer-do-weel's."

"Comin, comin," were heard in hollow murmers from distant underground recesses. —Bruce who was highly delighted with the sights and sounds, completed the concert by an overwhelming thorough bass, which he effected by forcing the huge hall door to grate backwards and forwards over a stra-

tum of ill pounded sand which the servant girl had liberally strewed behind it before going to bed.

"Comin! comin! so is Christmas," continued the aforesaid shrill pipe, attempting to imitate the drawling sleepy tones which were gradually approximating the centre of attraction.

"So I am comin as fasts I can," was echoed again to the last remark, and *echo* presented himself, personified in the bodily ---or as was said of the charges brought against our immaculate Commander-in-chief, during the now forgotten Mary Ann Clerk business—in the "tangible,' shape of *Boots*.

This Boots was nothing else than a stout "haflin laddie," the hostler's son by a first marriage, at least he was gi'en to him, though he was called after "our master," and he was the scape goat of the whole establishment.—Were any of the candles left burning in the rooms—"I telt Ænae to

pit them out" was the waiter's excuse—"Nanny, why did'nt you answer that bell, and show the gentleman to his bed?"—"Enæ never said it was ringin," brought off Nan—"Ostler! how came you not to call me this morning?" "That stupid sleepy-headit idiot, Enæ, didna waken me!" But Enæ exemplified a saying of M'Groul's, the only man who ever gave him any consolation,—"his back was made meet for the burden."

When poor Enæ put down the boots in the passage, he exhibited a front which pled strongly in mitigation of punishment; his left eye was hermetically sealed, and his right was surrounded by a brilliant halo, the only variegated feature in his face, the others being shaded by a blacking, known in Scotland antecedently either to Day and Martin's, or Warren's, and, though unpatented, equally shining—the dregs of sour small beer, thickened from the bottom of the pot, with which Enæ made the leather commit-

ted to his care resplendent, and with which he framed the domino he usually wore.

"You have been at the wars last night. I see, Boots," said Captain Bruce to the unfortunate youth. "How came you by these eyes?"

"The lang foreign gentleman," replied Boots, "like a Higlander, an' no like a Highlander neither, that came in wi' Will Tangle, the sailor, an' the North Country boatman, was a wee unruly;—we had enough ado to get him to gang to his bed.—he was aye for se'in our master whither we would or no; and, because I wadna let him, he turned uncivil wi' his hands." The waiter, who had also been roused by the serenade came at length, with a great appearance of activity; and, cutting short Enæ's story, desired him to run and waken the hostler, in order to get the carriage ready for the gentlemen. Then, addressing himself to them, he apologized to them for not having been up earlier, by telling them—"that

he had been so late kept out of bed by some company;"---and concluded by hoping that they had not been disturbed by the noise, which was occasioned by a squabble between the foreigner and Will Tangle.—The stranger had, it seems, been remarkably kind to his two new friends, and treated them plentifully with whisky and strong ale; which Fintram, who did not wish to be long absent from his boat, had pushed about with great rapidity while he sat—but soon left them. Tangle, however, relishing both the stranger's company and his liquor, had prolonged his stay till the fumes took complete possession of his sconce; the stranger's faculties being also perfectly mystified, as he had confused them a little previously to the meeting; the two thus prepared for taking into their consideration any intricate subject, which requires cool discussion, such as religion or politics, chose the latter, and beleagured the French as cordially, and with as much discrimination,

and bestowed upon them as many well-applied epithets as either the Times, the Morning Post, or Courier newspaper, after it came into pay, ever did—so far so well; "the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet;" but Tangle, like all zealots, not content with abusing his "natural" enemies, as, of all nations with whom we ever go to war, the French are styled so by way of pre-eminence—proceeded to curse all with whom they ever had had any connexion, and finally concluded by comprehending them in an anathema along with the trium-demon-virate since obsolete—the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender. The malediction had not all the good effects intended by Tangle—it operated in a quite opposite direction on the almost dormant powers of the stranger, who appeared to recal some coherency of speech, solely on purpose to return tenfold, on some absentee, the curses which Tangle had dealt with no sparing hand, though, on whom he meant them to light,

could only be collected by an attempt at whistling, the "Sow's tail to Geordie," after his tongue began to faulter in its office. Tangle, loyal to the back-bone, was about to evince his attachment to his king by manual argument, when the waiter and Boots interfered; and, with much persuasion, and some force, got him to go home, and the stranger to go to bed; in which last service poor Boots had received his honourable scars. Enæas, who had before gone into his room again, to complete his dressing, when he saw the waiter come, had got himself arrayed, and came "booin' and booin' forward, as the waiter was finishing his account of the fracas.

"Wha is this man that's gi'en us a' sae muckle trouble," said M'Bain, "ye was sayin' he wanted to see me? We're obliged to keep an open door, Mr Bruce, for a' comers, and its that whiles maks a public no very agreeable; but (to the waiter) it was wrang in you to tak' in sae muckle drink to the gentleman; ye might hae seen

he had gotten enough before he ga'ed out; an' if I had been in the way, I wad ha set Tangle about his busness lang or yon time —but what did he want wi me? I never saw the man between the een afore, that I ken o'.'

"He'll tell you that himsel,' answered the waiter, "but he looked very angry like, and said, he didna expect that Enæas M'Bain wad ever allowed him to be affronted in his house, and when we wadna let him into your room, he swore like a dragoon, and mastly felled Effie, an' said if his cousin Hector had been alive he wad hae sleepit on his floor-head, before he wad a stayed another minute in your house."

"Hector! what, cousin Hector!" said Captain Bruce eagerly.

"Hector M'Naughton, the Barrowman, that was killed here the ither year—he's some friend o' his it seems."

"Saunders M'Naughton! Saunders M'Naughton! (exclaimed M'Bain) it is just him, whatfore did he no tell me his

name? Ye'll no speak about gaun awa now, till ye see him, Mr Bruce, he kens far better about a' your friends than I do."

"It is a very lucky coincidence," remarked Colonel Muiravon, "that we should be here on the day of his arrival, the very person you wish to catch hold of."

"Waiter, go and tell the hostler," said Mr Bruce to the fellow who was standing on tiptoe with the door in his hand, catch-every stray syllable that escaped the speakers, "that we'll let him know when the chaise is wanted. We breakfast with you, —and inform me when the foreign gentleman is out of bed---I wish to see him."

The waiter was hardly down stairs, when the chaise drove up, and the hostler announced that the carriage was ready.

"It has been countermanded," said Captain Bruce, "I'll tell you when its wanted—you have been very punctual, I thought you had'nt been out of bed yet."

"I hae been out o' my bed an hour an'

mair," said the hostler, "for that lang stranger man that was for fighten last night rappit me up to get his horse."

"What said ye?" cried M'Bain, with a look of angry impatience, "is Saunders M'Naughton awa."

"I ken na what ye ca' him," returned the hostler. "but it was him that gaed ænæ the blue keikers, for he's left a shilling to him."

Whether Saunders had felt himself affronted at being refused admittance to Mr M'Bain, or whether he was ashamed to show face on account of the outrage he had committed the preceding night, is of little consequence; but long before any person in the house was stirring, he had arisen and got the hostler, who was rewarded by an extra fee, to give him his horse, and rode off, in what direction could not be ascertained,—the only other fact which was drawn from the hostler, on his cross-exam ination, was, that "naething was paid to

him but the corn an' the hay, an' a shilling for Enæ."

"Na, na, it has'na been our Saunders," said M'Bain in a mortified tone, and with a rueful aspect, on receiving the unwelcome intelligence.

"Wha let the villain awa, before he saw whether a' was paid or no?" came from the treble in the bedchamber.

"Then, Colonel," said Bruce, putting an end to the rising storm, "we may as well proceed, and leave to Mr M'Bain the task of finding out for us, whether this was 'our Saunders' or not,—if it be, I auger no good from his first appearance."

M'Bain having promised to use his endeavours, Muiravon and Captain Bruce set out on their journey to H—— county town, where Bruce's Regiment lay in barracks; they were to be reviewed in a few days, and Muiravon proposed waiting to see the Review.

CHAPTER VII.

That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
You're welcome for the sake o't.

SOLDIER'S RETURN.

THE —— Regiment of Light Horse was one of the most respectable under the Crown, the majority of the Officers were men of fortune, and all were Gentlemen by birth or education. In order to avoid those disagreeable circumstances, which sometimes occur in Regiments where the officers mess together, and where the subalterns have nothing besides their pay to subsist upon,

and where the Ensign pays as much for his dinner as the Colonel—the Officers from the Colonel to the Cornet, subscribed each one day's pay, which went into a general fund, out of which the expences of the mess were defrayed; and by this means all paid equally, and none were oppressed. It was easy to the subaltern, and not heavy to the superior officers. It did not subject any poor devil to the mortification of leaving the room immediately after dinner, when any entertaining stranger was present, or preclude him from the pleasure of asking a friend to mess, under the risk of running in debt, or starving. Neither did he look forward with horror and despair to field days and reviews---his pay was sufficient to support him in the rank in which it was intended it should, and that without confining him to one meal a day, and leaving him without a spare sixpence for any occasional exigence. But there are few Colonels like Colonel A——, who commanded them; he

found his only pleasure in promoting the comfort of those around him, and afterwards, in a more exalted station, created opportunities for being more extensively serviceable both to his friends and to the army. A Colonel's example produces wonderful effects, especially when cheerfully seconded as it was in this Regiment by the other superior officers.

Military spectacles were not, in these days, so common as they afterwards became. A review had never been witnessed near the town of H—, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant; all therefore, was expectation and bustle. It was to take place on an extensive muir, about six miles distant; and early in the day the roads were crowded with carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians. The muir itself presented the appearance of an encampment, from the number of the tents which had been erected during the night, for the refreshment of the spectators next day.

As the morning advanced, it began to assume all the semblance of a fair, from the crowd of gingerbread stalls, and provision carts, which had arrived at the scene of action, and threatened to take complete possession of the grounds. Had a few ballad-singers and pye-baskets been added, it might have reminded us of the sands of Leith during the Edinburgh races, before they were removed by the pious care of a virtuous magistracy to be exhibited before the incorruptible population of Musselburgh, and afford themselves the pleasure of an extended ride, and the idlers of Edinburgh a good excuse for spending two days instead of one. The greater part of the gentlemen's carriages for ten miles round were assembled, and all "the youth and beauty of the county graced the scene." About noon the sound of martial music announced the arrival of the Regiment, and the account of the whole might have been closed, in what for a number of years after was an

excellent standing Newspaper paragraph, applied with little variation to Yeomanry and Regulars: "They went through the business of the day in a soldier-like manner, the evolutions were performed with steadiness, and precision; and, on the whole, we seldom witnessed a more imposing spectacle. The General expressed himself in high terms with respect to the appearance and discipline of the Corps," &c. But an unfortunate accident rendered this most excellent sentence not altogether applicable upon the present occasion.

A young Gentleman had lately joined the Regiment, whose horse had not been sufficiently broke in, and as he was expressing his anxiety before they went out, about his appearance in the field upon him, Captain Bruce who was an excellent rider, and had an uncommonly fine animal, immediately offered to exchange horses for the day, and went to the review on the half-trained gelding. When charging at full gallop the

horse came down with him, and he suffered so severe a contusion in the leg and knee, that he was unable to remount. Before the Surgeon came up, his leg had swelled so much that the boot was under the necessity of being cut of, and it was impossible to distinguish whether it was merely a bruise or a fracture—it was therefore necessary that a carriage should be procured to carry him to the barracks, and several Gentlemen and Ladies pressed upon him the use of theirs. He accepted that of Mrs Comyns, whose house was hardly a mile distant, and where she assured him in the kindest manner, he should receive every attention. The Surgeon seconding her solicitations, he somewhat reluctantly allowed himself to be prevailed upon, and set out, accompanied by Colonel Muiravon and the Surgeon for Bowerbank.

Bowerbank, though not an ancient building, yet retained the stately avenue at the entry;

That monument of ancient taste,
Now scorned, but worthy of a better fate,—
The beech trees ranged in corresponding lines.

It fronted the south, and topt a sloping lawn that extended toward the north and west, surrounded by a thriving belt of planting; a distant glimpse of the sea, shining through the upper branches of the trees bounded the view. The proprietor, like the manor, was rather of the "olden," than of the modern time, her kindness was unaffected and sincere—but she received no praise—it was her nature—it was so uniform that any thing else in her would have appeared out of character—she had once a beloved son who was a soldier—he had fallen in the field, and her house became ever after a home to every soldier. It was but a forenoon's ride from A——— barracks, and every officer had a general invitation; but the regiment had been so short a time there, that they had merely heard of the "Soldier's Home," and

from the hurry preparatory to a review, had not had time to become acquainted.

Captain Bruce, after being bled, &c. *secundum artem*, was put to bed and left under the care of his amiable hostess.

The Colonel would have remained with him; but as he had been invited particularly to dinner with the General, and attend the ball in the evening, Bruce would neither allow him nor the Surgeon to be absent on his account. Mrs Comyn only insisted that he should come as early next day as he could to visit his friend. He therefore set out with the surgeon to fulfil his engagement.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nae doubts nainsell maun traw hur purse,
And pay them what hims like, man;
I'll see a shugement on hims toor,
That fulthy Turninspike, man.

OLD SONG.

The dinner was given in the mess-room, in the barracks, to the General and suite; a very large party of the neighbouring gentlemen were also invited.

Large dinner-parties are, in common, very uncomfortable meetings, unless a person happens to be so situated, that he can make one of a snug little circle, and retire within it; but at public dinners, where one gets

squeezed among strangers, and can pitch upon no single topic in common with his neighbours, or, perhaps, run right in the teeth of their most inveterate prejudices, he had better be twenty miles off. Yet there is a probable case which sometimes occurs, and which is still worse, 'tis most vexatious if the visitor, after an oppressive silence of perhaps half an hour's length, thinks, from some ill-understood observation which has escaped from his right-hand man, that he has got a fair opening, and follows it up, as he supposes, very dexterously, by pouring out a torrent of invective against some public character, to a very patient auditor, who hears with the greatest gravity, and supports the conversation by monosyllables, till, having exhausted his stock of eloquence, the orator is forced to betake himself once more to the study of physiognomy, and the silent listener he has been endeavouring to amuse or to instruct, withdraws; then,

on inquiring at his next neighbour, who the pleasant-looking gentleman is who has just gone; finds that he has been teaching self-knowledge to the absentee, by giving him a view of his own character; or, what is perhaps equally perplexing, finds he has been making him a present of a family picture, in the portrait of a brother, an uncle, or a cousin-german—'tis by no means pleasant, and very uncomfortable to a man who would prefer the pleasure of half an hour's rational conversation to all the enjoyment and gratification that can attend the being able to say, I dined with my Lord—or General—or Colonel, &c.; but, in addition to all these possible uncomfortables, there was one crowning annoyance at this Grand Review dinner—the county was divided into two most inveterate parties, about the erecting of a turnpike gate—and the story was this:—

The Laird of Meiklerig had objected to the situation of the gate, after it was

built, wishing it removed a little farther to the west. The Trustees [redacted] thought the situation very good, and did not wish to burthen the county with any new expence; but he, as being one of the largest proprietors, and engaged in making many improvements on his estate, one of which the turnpike gate obstructed, insisted that it should be removed—to adjust the business, the Trustees proposed, that if he would pay the expence, they would remove the said turnpike gate; but he answered, that he paid more toll than all the rest put together, and that, if he did not get the said turnpike gate placed where he wanted it, he would rather send his carts and horse and carriages twenty miles round, than allow them to go through it; the Trustees replied, this was a land of liberty, he might do as he chose. The Laird denied there was the least shadow of liberty in it, as long as that turnpike gate was allowed to remain—so for two or three years the feud had remained—as did

the turnpike gate; when after many vain endeavours to get new, or at least more tractable Trustees appointed, the Laird resolved he would have two gates of his own to his property, one to the east, and the old one to the west, of this obnoxious turnpike, and so that, from whatever quarter he came, he should set them and their gate at defiance. He accordingly carried his threat into execution, but as he could not carry his property out of the county, his new gate by necessary consequence, behoved to be built also within it. The Trustees allowed him to proceed in great peace, and with much self-congratulation to finish his new and elegant gate, which, when finished, he entered in triumph, along with his confidential friends and advisers, laughing to scorn them and their turnpike;—there's an old Scotch proverb, which one of the Trustees applied upon the occasion, and which they realized in the case of the Laird, "gin ye laugh at us wi the tae side o' your face,

tak tent we dinna gar ye greet wi' the tither.' The immoveable turnpike gate, the very next year, began its march, like Birnam Wood to Dunsinnan, and was planted to the eastward, and under the very nose of the Laird's new gate; this, which had just been accomplished a little before the —— Regiment arrived at the barracks, was a circumstance with which Colonel A. was wholly unacquainted, and he had issued his cards with great impartiality among all parties.—The parties in common decency could not quarrel, but their studied civility to each other, for they had not spoken together for years, except at county meetings, threw back the scene half a century at least, in point of ceremonious punctilio; they contrived, however, with the aid of the band, to pass the time till the hour for adjourning to the ball-room arrived, when the county Gentlemen paired off by mutual consent, and left the coast clear for the dancers, who finished the operations and amuse-

ments of the day about three o'clock next morning, as we are informed by an authentic document, drawn up by the Colonel, and published by authority, recorded in the pages of the Caledonian Mercury of that day, to which we refer for further particulars. Cornet Ainslie, (who was also assistant Surgeon) an intimate friend of Captain Bruce's, walked with Colonel Muiravon from the ball-room to his lodging.

"I wonder," said the Colonel, as they went along, "how any man can be so foolish as to delight in being constantly at variance with his neighbours, as Meiklerig does—the affair of the turnpike gate, any person would imagine a mere squib upon him."

"It is not so ridiculous, however," answered Ainslie, "as his once, in consequence of a dream, in which he imagined the whole country-side had risen against him, raising his whole family out of bed to mount guard, while he rode to Edinburgh, and caused a troop of

horse to be sent off to protect his house from being burnt—which he actually did, and kept them there at free quarters, some ten days, although the county was as quiet as at this moment.

CHAPTER IX.

She knows no fear
When danger's near,
To him she loves,
She will not stay,
Nor bide away.
A woman proves
That when occasion calls, she can command
Herself, as fearless to her friend—
As man. THOMAS RANDOLPH.

COLONEL MUIRAVON, Mr Ainslie, and the Surgeon, rode down to Bowerbank next day, and found Captain Bruce sitting up, but unable to bend his knee, or put his foot to the ground. When the doctor had felt his pulse—

"I am afraid, Madam," said he, addressing himself to Mrs Comyns, "that I shall not be able to put your guest under marching orders for a day or two yet."

' Were it not for the pain he suffers, I should have no objection," replied Mrs Comyns, " though his billet were extended for a month or two."

" And my quarters, are so pleasant," subjoined the Captain, " that I should never think of pain, were I capable of moving about without assistance, but I am ashamed of the trouble my helplessness occasions."

" Colonel Muiravon will assist us in that, I hope," returned Mrs Comyns, " we have plenty of accommodation, and his company will tend to relieve you from the tediousness of an old woman's conversation,— Mr Ainslie, you will be our daily visitor; and as for you, Doctor, you come in the line of your profession."

No objections being made to this arrangement, the Colonel remained, and Ainslie and the Surgeon were preparing to set out, when Captain Bruce requested Mr A. to enquire immediately on his return to the barracks, whether the dispatch containing

an account of the Review, had been sent off to the Newspapers, and to see that no mention was made in it of his accident, "as I wish," added he, "that my relations should not hear of my fall from any other than myself, and I shall write them in a day or two, when I am pronounced quite free from fever"

Upon Ainslie's arrival at the barracks, he went immediately to the Colonel, but found the communication had been transmitted early in the day, by a Sergeant who was going to the metropolis on some other Regimental business, and the poor Captain's leg had been represented as broken.

"There is now no helping the matter," said the Colonel, "but as Bruce has the use of his hands, he can easily remedy it by the next post."

The day after, Mr Ainslie rode to Bowerbank, to inform the invalid that his request had been too late in being presented.

"I cannot mend the blunder now," answered Bruce, when he heard the accounts had been sent off, "only I am afraid Mrs Comyns, you will get another guest by the mistake."

"And welcome, if any friend of your's," said the old lady.

"I have an only sister, Madam," replied Mr Bruce, "a buxom country lass, somewhat younger than myself, who is, what they call, finishing her education in the capital, and I doubt, the moment she reads or hears of my mishap, she will set out for H——, and the more readily, as I had written her that I intended paying her a visit after the Review, but she will not know where to find me."

Mrs Comyns, addressing Cornet Ainslie, "surely she can never be at a loss, your friend Mr A. will escort her here, where I shall be extremely happy to see her."

"He never saw her."

"What an objection for an officer of a

Cavalry Regiment to start," exclaimed Mrs Comyns.

"Cornet," said Colonel Muiravon, "if you don't bring her in safety to Bowerbank, I shall have you tried by a court martial, and dismissed the service, either for cowardice or an error in judgment,—had not Mrs Comyns done you the honour of employing you, I should have volunteered."

"And what a pretty pair of gentleman you are," (curtseying to Muiravon and Ainslie) said Mrs Comyns, "in my younger days, it would have been a disgrace for two military officers, to have heard of a young lady travelling the country unprotected, and left it to an old woman to speak first."

"At any time, Madam," the Colonel gallantly replied, "I believe it would have been as difficult to have anticipated, as to have outrun Mrs Comyns in her kind attention to strangers."

"Now after all this," said the good old lady, "what although you should leave

Captain Bruce to my care for a day, and both go?"

"With all my heart," said Muiravon.

"At any rate she cannot be here to-night, I should suppose," said Mr Ainslie, "and I will be upon the outlook to-morrow;—it is unnecessary for Colonel Muiravon also to be in attendance, I shall take care of Miss Bruce.

"No, no, Ainslie, that will not do, you wish to have the lady wholly to yourself, I don't think she'd be safe with you alone."

"I'm afraid neither of you will be safe with her, if she be like her brother," said Mrs Comyns, laughingly addressing Captain Bruce, and adding "do you know, Captain, you have made a conquest of a woman that might be your mother."

"That's like Royalty," said Colonel Muiravon, "and Bruce is a royal name."

"There you are wrong," retorted Mrs

Comyns, "it's old women that make conquests of them."

"Then I am of the blood royal," said Bruce, "if that be a distinguishing mark, for I never was so much in love in my life—nay, don't smile—'tis true—upon my honour."

"I dare not doubt a Prince's honour," was Mrs Comyns' reply.

It was then agreed that both should set out to I——after dinner, and if the young lady did not make her appearance, the next day she would receive her brother's letter in time to prevent her journey.

It turned out, however, as Bruce had anticipated, the young lady, who knew the day of review, sent for a newspaper early to see an account of it, and the first thing which caught her attention, was "We are sorry to add, that, during one of the most beautiful charges we ever saw, Captain Bruce's horse fell with him, and he had the misfor-

tune to get his leg broken, besides being otherwise severely bruised."

Ann Cameron Bruce had a great affection for her brother, and was possessed of very strong feelings, but they had none of that mawkishness about them which superinduces a listless weeping indolence; her's roused to exertion, and her first thought was, how she could remedy or alleviate, not how she could sit down and lament misfortune.

"My brother has met with an accident," said she to the Lady with whom she boarded, "and I must go to see him."

"My dear, that's impossible, how can you go at this time of day, you would not reach H—— before ten or eleven o'clock tomorrow night."

"Were it one in the morning I must go."

"But there's no-body to go with you, and you cannot go alone."

"Excuse me ma'am, but a young lady at my age, should, I think, be able to do so."

"You had better wait my dear Miss Ann, perhaps you may get a letter by to-morrow's post, it comes in in the morning."

"My brother may be dead before morning, I am determined madam to set off this moment, if a post chaise is to be had in Edinburgh."

"What would your father say to me if he heard that I had allowed such a thing, as your setting out for H—— at so late an hour?"

"He would say that he knew you could not prevent it."

So saying, without further ceremony, she rung the bell and desired the servant to procure her a post chaise immediately. She then went to her own room, and packed up a few linens in a small trunk, and in less than half an hour, was ready to step into the chaise. Miss M'Donald who knew that it would have been in vain to have opposed her on such an occasion, attended her to the door, and shaking her by the hand, as she

stepped into the carriage, wished her a good journey, and trusted that she would find her brother, on her arrival, not so seriously hurt as she imagined.

The chaise immediately drove of, and in a few seconds she was out of sight; without stopping, except to change horses, she arrived at H—— barracks about ten o'clock, scarcely an hour after, Colonel Muiravon and Ainslie had reached them from Bowerbank. These two gentlemen were sitting together in Ainslie's room, when they heard a carriage drive up to the gate, and were down in the court just as it stopped at Captain Bruce's lodging. Mr Ainslie first ran forward, and introducing himself, inquired whether she was not Miss Bruce, and briefly informing her of her brother's situation, told her that he and Colonel Muiravon had received orders to see her safely to Bowerbank, and requested her to wait in the barracks, till another chaise could be procured. Colonel A—— who had observed

a chaise drive up to Captain Bruce's room, and a young lady alight, immediately guessed who she was, and politely came out and requested leave to introduce her to his lady, accompanying this with an invitation to remain over night. She accepted the invitation of waiting in his apartment till another chaise could be procured, but declined stopping longer on account of her anxiety to see her brother.

"I'm glad to see you Miss Bruce," said Mrs A—— to her as she entered, "were you not afraid to venture alone so far?—but you mustn't think of going farther to-night, they wont expect you at Bowerbank; besides I can't think of trusting you with these two young fellows in the dark; believe me, your brother has only got a slight bruise, and the old lady's courting him—how would you like a grandmother for a sister-in-law?"

Miss Bruce thanked her for her invitation, and hoped to have the pleasure of

seeing her on her return, but would not be persuaded to remain. When she was about to set off—

"You are a strange, girl," said the Colonel's lady, "but since you 'wont stay with us, recollect I take your promise for a visit as soon as you come back, God bless you my love,—remember me to your brother."

Colonel Muiravon had gone first into the carriage, Miss Bruce had followed, and the driver was standing with the door in his hand, while Mr Ainslie was bidding lady A——— good night, when two trumpets struck up, at which the horses taking fright, set off full speed, along the Edinmouth road, leaving Ainslie and the whole company petrified at this unexpected proceeding.

After a momentary shock, Colonel Muiravon putting his arm instinctively round Miss Bruce's waist, said with that soothing tenderness which a sense of danger rescues

from the charge of impertinence, "sit still my lovely girl, don't be alarmed,"

"I can't help being alarmed," replied she, with astonishing composure, "but I believe the safest way is to sit still."—This they both did in silence, waiting the event.

A soldier who was standing by when the carriage set off, ran instantly into the stable, and taking one of the horses galloped after—the horses in the chaise hearing the sound of feet coming behind, continued their flight with encreased celerity; the soldier s being the fleeter animal, soon came up with them, but, failing to catch the reins in passing, he made no other attempt, and, with admirable presence of mind pushed on, arrived in time at the toll-bar and got it shut before the chaise, in which Miss Bruce and the Colonel were, reached it. With the assistance of the keeper of the gate, and some others who were present, they secured the horses, and relieved the travellers from their uneasy seats, and rescued them from

almost, (though to them unknown) certain destruction; for two carts heavy laden with immense logs of wood, coming from Edinmouth, were within twenty yards of where the carriage was stopped, just at the turn of the road; with which, had the chaise come in contact, at the rate at which the horses were going, (and this they could scarcely have avoided) the consequence must have been, that they would have infalliably been dashed to pieces.

The first thing they did upon alighting, was to express their gratitude to the soldier; and, upon learning that he was a sergeant belonging to Captain Bruce's troop, Miss Bruce said she would mention him to her brother, at the same time making him a present of a few shillings, as did also the Colonel, which the sergeant, contrary to all the maxims of modern novel heroes, accepted with many thanks and respectful bows, and, wishing their Honours a safe journey, put into the pocket of his panta-

loons, and buttoning the cash securely up, remounted his horse, and rode back to the barracks, on purpose to learn the fate of the driver and Mr Ainslie, about whom, now they were safe themselves, Miss Bruce and her companion began to be somewhat uneasy; they were, however, soon relieved, by the arrival of both upon cavalry chargers, the driver having narrowly escaped being knocked down by the door when the carriage started. Mutual congratulating on each other's safety being over, it was found they had been led a dance of about two miles from the road to Bowerbank, but as it was nearly as far to return as to proceed, they determined to go forward, especially as no further damage than the terror had been sustained.

On their arrival they found Mrs Comyns and her guest enjoying a *tete-a-tete*, or, as I prefer a Scotch term to a French at any time when I can get at it, "a gude twa-handit crack," after supper.

Bruce, from the knowledge he had of his sister, was not very much surprised, but he was very much charmed when she made her appearance. Mrs Comyns was delighted at the affection they discovered for each other, so ardent, and yet so free from affectation. Miss Bruce inquired anxiously about the state of his bruise, and he chid her gently for indulging any uneasiness about so trifling an affair.

Both Mrs Comyns and her brother insisted upon her retiring as soon as possible to rest, after the fatigue she had undergone; which, when she saw her brother so much better than her fears had anticipated, she was easily persuaded to do. Mrs Comyns carried her to a handsome bed-chamber, where, having seen her properly accommodated, she commended her to the protection of her guardian angel, and left her to her repose.

When Mrs Comyns returned, Colonel Muiravon began a long eulogium on Miss

Bruce's intrepidity during the time of their ride; an account of which furnished a topic of conversation till bed-time.

Miss Bruce, unaccustomed to the fatigue of fashionable hours, was an early riser, and, though somewhat tired by her journey, was dressed before seven o'clock; the window of her bed-chamber looked towards the east, and the sun, already some time risen, shone delightfully through the branches of a fruit-tree, which formed a kind of lattice-work across it. The freshness of the morning, and the song of early birds, invited her to examine the beauties of the place, which night had concealed from view on her arrival. Putting on her bonnet, she tripped down stairs to take a stroll before breakfast. She found, however, Mrs Comyns in the court before her, occupied in giving her servants their directions for the day.

"It is always my custom," said she to Miss Bruce, "to endeavour to arrange my

household affairs in the morning, that I may have time during the day to attend to my friends, when I have the pleasure of their company with me, you will excuse my accompanying you at present, but I shall desire a servant to show you the garden and pleasure grounds and at any other time I shall, with much pleasure, be the companion of your walks, if you cannot find any other more agreeable."

Miss Bruce was going to assure her, that she should always be happy to have her company, when, Mrs Comyns interrupting her—"I receive your compliments as you intend them; we can talk over that subject afterwards—We breakfast at eight—I have never allowed your brother to rise before—so you have an hour to employ yourself."

Miss Bruce was quite delighted with the modest beauties of the place, which fully conveyed to her mind the idea of comfort (a word perhaps peculiar to the English language) and begged, if Mrs Comyns

would allow her, to attend her during her morning's occupations:

"For when I am at home," said she, "I sometimes assist my mother in her management, though my father says, it is beneath his daughter's dignity, who ought to be aiming at higher attainments, as he has but one; and so I tell him I do, for I often use to climb to some of the highest hills in the neighbourhood, and as he hates even the appearance of a pun, this commonly cuts short his exhortation."

"With all my heart, my dear," answered Mrs Comyns, "there's no saying what lies before us in life; and therefore I think nothing that is not mean or dishonourable should be beneath the notice of the mistress of a family. I find, that by attention to little things, I can spend more, and give away more, than many of my neighbours who have double my income.

They then inspected the poultry yard, the dairy, the kitchen, and larder, and hav-

ing settled the different internal arrangements for the day, Mrs Comyns proceeded to the breakfast parlour where she was soon joined by the gentlemen. Miss Bruce went to her brother's bed-chamber, and in few minutes joined them in triumph, the Invalid leaning on her arm.

After breakfast Ainslie returned to H—— with a general invitation to the officers, and for several successive days Bowerbank enlivened by small parties from the barracks intermingled with the gentlemen of the county, became a scene of gaiety without deranging the social amusements of a well regulated family.

CHAPTER X.

Oh happy pair! how well have you increased,
What ills in Church and State have you redressed.

HIND AND PANTHER.

Give him another cup, and then he'll sleep
And we are safe at least, some two three hours.

BEAUX STRATAGEM.

A FEW nights after the circumstances recorded in our chapter had taken place, Enæas leaving the care of his in-door customers to his wife, went to settle an account of Spirits, Teas &c, with Duncan M'Groul; their accounts current were never long in being adjusted, as they were always mutually advantageous, and their interests were equally concerned, in excluding all un-

necessary disclosures by way of reference—for Duncan shaking his head sagaciously, used often to observe that naebody had ony business to ken what they did—an' reference was little better than lettin ither folk up to their way o' doin'—but they always made it a rule to settle the accounts of every voyage by itself, for M'Groul who was mighty in wise sayings, never forgot that excellent advice, "pay the auld afore ye tak' on the new," and both of them practically understood the pleasure and the profit of another, which he had also constantly in his mouth, "short accounts keep lang friends." M'Groul was part owner of a smuggling lugger (the Hazard) commonly known by the name of a regular trader between Holland and Edinmouth; and she being daily expected to arrive, M'Bain took the opportunity of his first spare evening to go to M Groul's to settle with him, "what was stanin," for M'Groul never would come to tak' a gill wi' him in his ain house, an'

settle his accounts like ither folk, because the fashious bodies the guagers were ay gaun about him, an' might suspect they twa war oure grit thegither." When their business was finished, they adjourned to M'Groul's parlour as usual, to partake of a rizzart haddie, and try his real Fairntosh---Supper ended, the difficulty which always occurred gave rise as it uniformly did, to a strong debate, in which the parties went over the same ground they had gone over at least a thousand times before, and ended exactly at the point from whence they had started.

M'Groul regularly every night after supper "took the books" and this as he had a special gift of prayer, he was particularly anxious never to omit in the presence of company. M'Bain had a strong aversion to all worship not performed in a consecrated place, and a particular dislike to all extemporaneous effusions every where; which sensation was heightened into a feeling of

something like horror, at what he styled the sacrilegious *length* of M'Groul's; the mention of "the familyexercise" therefore, always gave rise to a discussion upon the question whether it was proper to *read* prayers?—Duncan insisting that going over and over the same words by rote like a parrot was mere mockery;—and Enæas on the other hand, affirming that to go into the presence of our Maker without knowing what we were to say, was a degree of effrontery that no great man upon earth would put up with—Whenever Mrs MacGroul saw the two worthies fairly set to the unravelling of this knotty point, she well knew they had at least two hours hard disputation before them, because like all thorough-bred theological sportsmen, their amusement consisted not so much in fairly running down the argument they started, as in beating the bushes and tracing all the little zig-zag by-paths, or sometimes diverging twenty miles out of the road in a quite

opposite direction—she therefore, for she was a discreet house-wife,—upon the present, as upon all similar occassions, desired her daughter to put down two tumbler glasses and the whisky bottle, and go and see if there was any boiling water in the tea-kettle; and thus according to custom, having placed the materials for toddy, and heard the commencement of their wonted argumentation, she and her daughter retired.—The presbyterian began with a furious attack upon the ill framed Mass book which the other endeavoured to divert, by charging the seditious solemn league, when by mutual consent, they at once ceased from these partial skirmishings, and with one accord from different quarters fell foul of the character of king William. Enæas fastened upon Glencoe, which he stigmatized as one of the most treacherous, unjustifiable, cold-blooded murders, that ever stained the reign of any monarch, and which he contrasted in insulting triumph, with the open battles of

Pentland Hills, and Bothwell Bridge. Duncan joined in execrating the bloody massacre, which he said could only have been devised by a phlegmatic Dutchman, but he would not allow the justice of the comparison, and Enæas not challenging the contradiction, he proceeded to expatiate against the sacrificing the Scots colony at Darien, which he said admitted of no more excuse than the massacre at Amboyna—or the battle of Culloden said Enæas—or of Bunkers Hill, rejoined Duncan—they were rising in antithesis, when a loud knock at M'Groul's back-door (every house almost in Edinmouth, had one door facing the street, and another which looked into the bay) accompanied with "hilloa! can't you lend a hand here! are you all turned in already?" interrupted the further prosecution of the subject.—"The lugger's arrived, cried M'Groul! and that's the Captain's voice," and down they both ran to welcome and to let him in.—Thomson,—for it was the captain,

had already received admittance from the mistress, and was directing the delivery of some articles from a cart that stood at the door, an operation which their mutual salutations did not interrupt, and respecting which, no questions were asked by either party; at length, when the kegs and boxes were safely deposited in the cellar, and the carter dismissed, the Captain with a sailor who accompanied him, went along with M'Groul and M'Bain to refresh themselves after their labours. The Captain informed M'Groul that he had left the lugger laying off the Craigs, where his mate, Stent Tiller, was delivering as much of the cargo as he could rightly come at, and was to bring the vessel round with the morning's tide, when he expected to get ashore all that was wanted by breakfast; in the mean time another cart or two would come from the Craigs:—M'Groul and M'Bain engaged to meet him in the morning on board as soon as the Hazard was fairly in the harbour,

and assist in *jirking* the vessel—the Captain and M'Bain then set out for their respective places of abode, and left M'Groul to "ca' his family thegither" and wait the arrival of the other carts.

The Hazard was brought into the harbour before six o'clock next morning, and the owner and the publican were both standing on the quay ready to step on board the moment the gangway was laid, together with the custom-house officers. The Captain who had put off in the boat before the vessel came into the harbour, received them all with great cordiality, and M'Groul welcomed him home with a hearty squeeze of the fist, enquiring—what time last night he came into the bay—or whether he had only come up that morning—what sort of a passage he had had—and if he had a good freight, together with a great many other enquiries, which although they did not produce much new information to himself, he thought they might probably do so to the Tide-waiters; for

M'Groul who was not very guilty of giving too much gratuitous information to these gentry, was upon occassions like the present very serviceable in drawing from the Captain as particular an account of his proceedings as he thought they should desire, on purpose to save them the trouble of asking questions.

The Captain was a man who, in the common transactions between man and man, would not have departed an hair's-breadth from the strict line of truth or integrity, but in transactions with the custom-house—that was another story. On his return from the first voyage ever he had sailed as a mate, when examined at the custom-house, he gave a true account in the simplicity of his heart, of the full amount of his sea store, which being *rather a little above* what he was by law entitled to bring home, he got the whole seized, and with difficulty escaped a severer punishment, while an old experienced master of another vessel who was entering at

the same time, and who had double the stock poor Thomson had, by rating it *not quite so high* as it was, preserved all snugly. On coming out together, "How the devil said his friend to him, did you come for to go for to commit such a mistake as state the *whole* of your sea stock to these crabs?"—

"Because," answered Thomson, "I was upon oath."---

Oh! d——n it replied the other, a *custom-house oath!* do you mind that? I'd swear a hundred of them for a chew of tobacco; why they'll make you swear fifty in a day and they'll not believe you after all, so what's the use of telling them the truth?---I'd swear to a lie yard deep, because I know they think a sailor swears by contraries---do as I did my boy, take a holy oath upon your knees, that you'll never speak truth to a custom-house officer, and keep that, and kick all the rest to Old Davy---Thomson did so, and numbering that among one of the engagements which were never to be

broken, his heart was quite at ease with regard to the answers he gave to the custom-house officers.

M'Groul, perfectly aware of this circumstance in the Captain's history, asked him whether he had brought any real Coniac or Geneva this trip?

"Come away down stairs, and see—and you, Gentlemen," addressing the Officers, "you always like to be smelling out these things—come along." "And, Stent," to his mate,—"when you've got that cable made fast, do you follow."

So saying, Thomson carried the whole band into the cabin, and, in a trice, brandy, gin, cheese, salt beef, and biscuit, were upon the table.

Stent, who understood the fastening a cable as well as any he that ever tried it, no sooner saw the covey down the companion stairs, than the hatches were lifted, and all hands at work. M'Groul being troubled with the windy cholic, got a little

brandy and bitters, as a stomatic, and Enæas excused himself from tasting so early, as he was ay tasting wi' this body an' that body through the day; but the beef was unco gude, an' the cheese lookit weel. The Officers, offered no excuses; they began with a little brandy as a whet; and then, by a noble display of knife-and-fork-manship, proved that the stimulus had produced its proper effect. Thomson pressed them with all the hearty frankness of a sailor; and honest Enæas said, it really did him good to see a man tak' a wise-like morning-piece. He mindit fine whan he was a young callant, he wadna hae gi'en his wame-fu' i'the mornin for ony diet i'the day. The sailors were called down one by one to get a biscuit, a piece of beef, and a glass of grog, which they bumpered off with "here's t'ye gentlemen"—and, in return, the Officers "nobbed" to them, in what the Captain styled "interlacers." The mate and the Captain relieving each other, watch and

watch, kept the lads in play with stories and grog, till the breakfast-hour, when down came the cabin-boy with the tea-equipage', M'Groul said he wadna be expected at hame, and he thought they had better just stay where they were. The Officers agreed, being rather inclined to be stationary; and the Captain observing about them certain symptoms of rest, which he was willing to encourage, not wishing that the Collector or Comptroller should perceive the effects of their morning labours, gave M'Groul a hint that they should have "a word o' prayer" in the cabin, knowing that to be a specific in these cases. Enæas immediately took the alarm, and, observing that his breakfast wad be waitin' for him, precipitately withdrew. Duncan wondered the Captain could be so profane; after a severe lecture on the subject, however, he consented to ask a blessing, which answered the same purpose; for, long before it was finished, the gentlemen had retired to

the land of forgetfulness, and ere they were awakened, Thomson and Tiller had effected, in security, the conveyance of every thing they wished from the hold of the Hazard, to the cellars of Duncan M'Groul. When the hatches were put on, and every thing on deck arranged as it ought to be, the sleepers were reminded that tea waited, and, astonished at what it could be that had made them so heavy; each rubbing his eyes, and yawning most dolefully, prepared to pay his respects to the second breakfast.

CHAPTER XI.

Here from still life, he cries, avert thy sight,
And mark what deeds adorn or shame the night.
THE WANDERER.

THE Hazard was the joint property of Thomson, Stent Tiller, and M'Groul, and all of them had acquired considerable property by her successful voyages. Both of the acting partners being excellent sailors, and as steady expert men are generally fortunate in their calling, even though they have to contend with winds and waves, the Hazard was always considered the luckiest vessel in the trade, and never waited long

for a freight either of madder, or flax, or cheese, or apples, two-thirds of which kinds of merchandize generally covered another third of tea, brandy, &c. &c., consigned to the care of Mr M'Groul, as factor *in transitu*. Encouraged by success, they had resolved to build a larger for the trade; but the war breaking out, and the successful invasion of Holland by the French, having rendered the Dutch our enemies, they altered their plans, and increasing the number of owners, they put a vessel of 300 tons upon the stocks, to be employed as a privateer; a plan by which, from Captain Thomson's knowledge of the coast, they anticipated a handsome and a speedy fortune.

The matter was thus arranged—Captain Thomson, after this voyage, was to remain in Edinmouth, to superintend the building of the Privateer of which he was to be the commander, and Tiller was to succeed to the command of the Hazard; it was also resolved, that a greater proportion than

formerly of the tonnage of the Hazard should be devoted to the most profitable species of cargo, and every advantage taken of the Cove and the caverns. Stent Tiller was admirably fitted for conducting speculations of this kind, as he stuck at nothing, and he chose rather to dare than to evade what he thought unjust exaction; it was with some difficulty that his partner had succeeded so long in his more cautious manœuvres, he could never persuade Stent that the safest was the best way. He insisted he would make more in one *run* than the other did in three regular trips. M'Groul, from the natural caution of his temper, was somewhat averse to dangerous experiments, yet the strong temptations and the security with which others executed as hazardous enterprizes, induced him to agree to make the trial.

In a few days the Hazard was cleared out, and ready for sea under her new Commander, and before the end of the month, an-

express informed the partners, that she was in sight on her return. As Fairy Cove had been agreed upon for the port, and the cargo was intended chiefly for the interior, a number of carts were got ready. disguised as carriers carts, to wait at the south entry and carry away the goods. It was a clear moonlight night about twelve, when part of the carters reached their station at the landing entry of the ravine, and leaving their carts to the care of a boy, they went down to the small grass plats on the side of the stream, which were covered with ankers and half ankers, boxes and Tea chests. With the assistance of the sailors they were soon loaded, and set off, without delay, as South Country carriers. They had gained the high road, but had hardly proceeded two gun-shot beyond the entry leading from Fairy Cove, when six very suspicious characters appeared at a little distance, the drivers, to avoid any unnecessary conversation, had laid themselves upon the top of the

"loading," and feigning sleep, left the direction of the horses to the little boy; the travellers, on their approach, turned out to be no others than a neighbouring supervisor of Excise and his myrmidons, who had received information that a smuggler was on the coast making signals, in consequence of which he had procured assistance, and was going armed direct for the Fairy's Cove, seeing the carts covered with sheeting, roped down carefully, and the men, as he thought, asleep upon the top of the luggage, it never once occured to him that they were others than the South Country carters.

"Are you for the south, my lad?"

"Yes, Sir."

"There's a fine night."

"Very," was all that passed, and without halting each party pursued their route.

The Supervisor, like a wise General, sent forward a gauger to reconnoitre, who returned with the intelligence that two carts were at the out-let in the act of loading.

but what was doing farther in he could learn nothing about; he therefore divided his forces, he ordered two to go along with the guager, get down by the rocks next the sea and secure that quarter, while he, with the other two would prevent a retreat by the land side. One of the men who stood guarding the carts, gave instant notice to his employers by roaring out the significant word "Cruizers," for the scout, owing to the brightness of the moon had been unable to conceal his motions. Stent who was busy unloading the boat, wholly unsuspicious of disturbance, was for the moment quite taken aback—the first idea that occured to the sailors was to pull off with the boat and what they could carry away, leaving what seemed irremediably lost, to take its fate along with the carriers. "No, my lads," said Tiller, "that won't do, d——n me, if I skulk off in a whole skin for any guager alive, and leave others to fight it out."

"We have no arms."

"We have oars and a boat-hook!"

"What can they do against fire-arms?"

"I have it,—up the rocks and pepper them with stones—quick,—keep you out of the way, carters!"

He had hardly spoken, when the sailors ran to the tracks, with which they were acquainted, and began climbing up like so many wild goats among the brushwood. The Supervisor's van-guard, who were neither so well acquainted with the paths, nor so much accustomed to trust to slender footing as the sailors; were descending with great caution, when the two parties met about mid-way. To talk of using fire-arms was needless, the first advancing sailor caught hold of the foremost descender, and with one tug would have accelerated his progress in an astonishing ratio, had not the terror-struck gauger dropped his pistols in an agony, and roared out most vehe-

mently for mercy; the rest perceiving their leader had capitulated, called a parley and surrendered at discretion.

In the mean time, the Supervisor having been successful on his side, in his enterprise against the carts and the carters, had advanced with his men to the green plats, and was affixing the broad arrow very complacently to the boat, by way of completing his job, (all other come-at-ables bearing already that ornament) when our heroes returning with their captives, Tiller interrupted the operation rather rudely, by catching the operator by the feet, as he was stooping, and landing him unexpectedly in the stern of the boat, after making him perform an awkward half-somerset, to his own utter amazement and the complete stupefaction of his retainers; who beholding the fall of the commander-in-chief, gave up all thoughts of resistance, much less did they attempt any offensive operations.

Having disarmed the formidable band,

Stent Tiller requested them all to walk into the boat, and comfort the Supervisor, who now sat in silent dismay, pondering over an issue, so opposite to what he had calculated upon when he set out, adding, "I intend to treat you to a sail, gentlemen, this morning, and hope to have the pleasure of your company to breakfast, though the honour being so completely unlooked for, I am afraid things won't be quite in such good order as I could have wished; but we'll find some thing in the locker I dare say, and after your long walk you'll feel a little hungry."

The unwilling guests made no grateful acknowledgements, but in silence allowed the sailors to row them away on board the lugger, where they were kept close pent in the cabin till the vessel was unloaded; when the Captain came down to them, and expressing how happy he felt at seeing them, had breakfast brought in, and a smart breeze springing up, in a few hours

they were off the coast of Northumberland, where he sent them ashore in his boat, thanking them again and again for their agreeable company and obliging visit; then wishing them a pleasant walk home, gave them three cheers at parting.

After they were landed, complaint was vain, and to search for what they had seized in the King's name, would only have exposed them to the derision of the whole country, if not to more dangerous consequences. The Supervisor and his company therefore, upon calm reflection, thought the best way was to pocket the affront quietly, in a case where they would meet with neither sympathy nor redress, and wait with patience for some future opportunity of returning the joke.

Tiller, when the boat came back, immediately gave the word "bout ship," and without touching at Edinmouth, set out again for another cruize.

CHAPTER XII.

The wives an' gytlin's a' spawned out
Owre middens an' owre dykes,
Wi' mony an' unco skirl an' shout,
Like bumbees frae their bykes.

CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.

MR WINGATE, the old collector at Edinmouth, was a Gentleman of family, but of reduced circumstances, and more attentive to the emoluments than to the duties of his office, which he seemed to consider rather as a sinecure than an efficient station.

The inferior officers about the Custom-House partook of the negligence of the collector, and they found it more profitable to wink at the accidental passage of an anker

of Brandy, than to seize it; in the one case they were seldom disappointed of some small share in the proceeds, in the other they were certain of trouble, perhaps expence, while the remuneration, always small, was not unfrequently doubtful. In this situation the traffic of the village had gone on for a great number of years, when the Collector becoming totally unfit for any kind of attendance, a temporary assistant, Mr Imray, was appointed, and from his report, a rigid inquiry was instituted into the different departments of the Custom-House; the consequence of this was a total revolution in the affairs of the port; the influence of the Collector's connections, however, prevented any instant overturn, his death being speedily expected, or what amounted to nearly the same thing, his being placed on the superanuated list. The first notice of the impending change of affairs, which the Edinmouth traders had, was the seizure of a quantity of tobacco, which a foreigner,

trusting to the use and wont of the place, had omitted in his manifest; and never doubting but that so trivial an error would be overlooked, as heretofore, he made no great efforts to conceal it.

Mr Wingate, before his illness, was a keen sportsman; and, when the season allowed, excepting to look at a newspaper, (of which, among other perquisites, one or two Ministerial ones were *then* sent regularly gratis to the office), or to sign his name to such documents as were absolutely necessary, he never entered the doors of the Custom-House. Mr Imray was of a different disposition; though not over rigid in his inspection, no flagrant instance of evasion was allowed to pass unnoticed; he watched over the interests of the revenue; but, in the execution of his office, he was equally averse to unnecessary harshness or criminal inattention. The business of the tobacco was of too great magnitude to be passed over; it was accordingly condemned and

ordered to be burned in the Custom-house Close. This was a proceeding totally unintelligible to the inhabitants, who could not comprehend the meaning of burning what might have been sold, or, as they said, gi'en awa, and done good to some poor body. The understrappers of the Custom-house, and some of the Tide-waiters, were equally puzzled with the proceeding, and were vexed to see so much valuable property thrown away; but they could not prevent it. Mr Imray came himself, and saw the hogsheads and packages rolled into the yard, and the fire kindled. The greater part of what was in leaf was destroyed, or consumed, the first day, with tolerable quietness and regularity, and preparations were made for proceeding early next morning with the remainder. The men who were employed in this service, recollecting the old proverb, "that it's no lost a friend gets;" as they were King's-men, made no scruple of filling their pockets with part of what was

manufactured. And the Collector's clerk, who acted under Mr Imray, being of the good old school, made no attempt to prevent them. What they had thus obtained, they, after the work of the day was over, dealt liberally among their acquaintances who were accustomed to chew, and these belonged chiefly to the sea-faring class of the community.

At the inner end of the pier of Edinmouth stands a watch-house, facing the sea, where the tide-waiters are stationed to observe the appearance and departure of all the vessels; it also serves the purpose of a marine coffee-room and seaman's lounge, where all the news of the place, and every thing connected with it, are detailed and discussed. Here the proceedings of the acting Collector came under review, and the transactions of the day became the subject of conversation in the evening, much in the same manner as all the internal circumstances of that community, known formerly in

Edinburgh by the name of the "Hail Stair," used to be discussed by the servant-girls in their evening parties, when they met at the foot of the common entry, to unburden their minds, and empty their "foul water boyens" Sailors are seldom guilty of being over-burdened with reflection; and what a late facetious and popular writer observes of young women, may be with equal justice applied to them, "they act directly from the heart. They cannot reason wrong, *for they do not reason at all!*" After a few short sagacious observations, such as, that—it could be no crime to prevent the destruction of a very useful commodity—and, that it was better for them to get it, than let it be burned—that, as it was seized, it could be no loss to the merchants, and the burning of it would bring no gain to the King:—from debating they forthwith proceeded to action, and a party was detached to scale the walls of the Custom-house Close, and bring off as much of the undestroyed to-

bacco as they could carry. This was repeated without any obstruction several times during the night; and, before the break of day next morning, a very sensible difference was produced on the appearance of the heap; but it is not in the nature of man to be satisfied, a little produces a desire for more, and more, instead of diminishing, only increases the desire, at least so it was with the Edinmouth sailors and the tobacco; for though a twentieth part of what they had got from the produce of the escalade, would, on the morning of that day, have been accounted by any one of the mariners, a sufficient stock for a long sea voyage; yet now they had got possession of it so easily, it was accounted worth nothing at all, the quantity left in the Close, and about to be disposed of with so ridiculous a waste made them esteem their rolls and half rolls scarcely worth mentioning. When they met again on the quay next morning, and began to compare notes, they found a wonderful

similarity in their opinions, and these coincided with the sentiments of almost every sailor and carpenter, who, going to their work, stopped and joined in the deliberations.

Great masses of inert matter are not easily moved—it is different with large bodies of men, a small impulse often answers the purpose; but both, when once set in motion, become equally unmanageable, and incapable of restraint. A boy, at the moment, came running to another—his companion—who was standing among the men—

"Come," said he, "will you go and see them burning the tobacco at the Custom-house? They are just going to begin"—

And off they set full speed—the whole crowd on the pier, instinctively, and with one consent, followed.

Mr Imray, who was standing in the entry to the Close, perceiving them coming, could not imagine what, at so early an hour, had occasioned the mob, and asked the boys

who had outrun the rest, what was the matter? They stopped short, and hung down their heads without answering; but a little girl who was standing by replied for them, "they were wanting to get some of the tobacco you're burnin' Sir,"

"There's nobody can get in here." said Mr Imray, and withdrawing hastily he ordered the outer gate to be barricaded. The crowd, which had made a momentary halt, while Mr Imray was talking with the boys, pressed forward so soon as they saw him have the gate shut, and began knocking and halloing at the entry; those who were within, by imprudently answering them again, kept together those who were assembled, and the noise attracting all who passed, the street became almost choaked with numbers who knew nothing at all about the cause of the first gathering; the hubbub increasing near the door, and those who were at a distance pressing forward to learn the cause, the portion squeezed

in the middle space, began to feel themselves very disagreeably situated, and in their struggles to extricate themselves, became extremely troublesome to their neighbours who were likewise far from being comfortable; so situated, some partial skirmishing commenced in the centre, and was gradually extending to the flanks, and would most probably have scattered the multitude as effectually as a batch of Bakers, a squad of Chimney sweeps, or a possey of the High Constables at the Cross of Edinburgh on the King's birth day, after drinking his Majesty's health, disperse the crowds which assemble there on such an occasion, or find them some amusement by carving out for them a little occupation among themselves; but just as the mass was splitting, and the small portions beginning to be interested in their own particulars, one of the officers who had been rather late had with some difficulty pushed his way through the crowd up to the gate, and calling to those

inside, at the same time roaring to those around him, "keep back, keep back!" his friends within, hearing his voice, had unbolted the door, and were edging it open in order to let him get forced through the chink, a young lad at his back was pushing rudely in order to press in along with him; in the struggle an unlucky spike nail at the moment catching hold of the officer's coat, as if on purpose, "went in at the cuff and came out at the elbow," which, when he perceived, enraged at the loss of his garment, he raised his naked arm, and let fall a tremendous blow at random on the only person within reach, who happened, unfortunately, to be a stout brawney porter belonging to the Custom House, both whose arms were employed in preventing the door from being burst wide open; when he received this unlooked for salute, which shut up securely one of his organs of vision, the porter unhanding the door, attempted duly to acknowledge it, but overshooting his

mark he scarified the cheek of the youth who was grinning approbation at the effect of the officers' mistaken vengeance—the guard within being thus reduced one, and that one an host, the gate quivered and discovered through the opening the flames beginning to arise from the accumulated pile of the devoted herb. A shout from those nearest was the signal for one simultaneous effort, when wide flew the gate, and all rushed in;—the officers laid each hold on the first offensive weapon he could reach, but the contest was of very short duration—there was no withstanding the mob, who infuriated at they knew not what, first completed the destruction which they had originally assembled to prevent, and then proceeded to acts of outrage on every thing else, laying in the Close;—a few only who passed by accident, and who had no share in the danger or primary crime of the tumult, were gainers by the kick-up, they gathered some fragments from among the rub-

bish, and escaped with their booty among the crowd.

The officers and Mr Imray luckily made their escape without sustaining any material injury, and peace was restored by the intervention of the more respectable members of the community, who took no part in the riot, even Duncan M'Groul exerted himself on the occasion, for "though it was wrang to burn the tobacco, when he himsel' wad ha'e bought maist feck o't, if he had gotten a bargain—he didna like to see the honest men, the Tide-waiters, hurt wha couldna help it: Mr Imray was na acquaint wi' the gait of the toun—it wadna a happened if our gude auld Collector had been as able to look after things as he use be."

Mr Imray, when the Close was forcibly entered, and he saw that it was in vain for him to attempt saving any thing, went to the head Magistrate of the town, but he had no power beyond that of intreaty, to use with a rabble, and being of no great

weight in the community, he advised Mr Imray to let the storm blow over. Mr Imray, was not by any means of this opinion, and declared his intention of bringing the perpetrators of this outrage to condign punishment, and for that purpose immediately applied to the Sheriff of the County for a warrant to search for the goods which had been stolen during the disturbance, and to apprehend the rioters; he was waited upon by the principal inhabitants, and by Duncan among the rest, who offered to do what in them lay to punish those who had brought such a disgrace upon the town, the like of which had never happened in the memory of the oldest man in it, and to enter into such measures as should effectually prevent the recurrence of any thing like it in future, if the acting Collector would only consent to withdraw the Sheriff's men. Mr Imray, however, persisted, but it was to no purpose. No goods were found, the dread of the smugglers deterring the retainers of the

law from making too strict a search, and the mutual fidelity of the townsmen, cemented by common danger, prevented any discovery of the persons engaged in the riot, He expressed himself notwithstanding, much indebted to the gentlemen, but at the same time informed them of his intention, to show the depredators that he was not to be intimidated from the performance of his duty by threats or even by actual violence on their part, and although he did not wish to retaliate by any acts of unnecessary severity, which might make the weight of the law light on the innocent, yet he would not allow the entries to pass in future without a more rigid inquiry into the state of the cargoes—a declaration not more satisfactory to M'Croul, than the consolation offered him by his friend Enæas, who observed "that it was needless to stay in Rome, an' fight wi' the Pope"

The officers whose liberality had been unintentionally the cause of this tumult, were

taken very severely to task, but as they almost to a man exhibited on their faces or cloaths, some legible marks of good conduct which they had received in endeavouring to defend the Custom-House Close, on the second day; a reprimand accompanied with strong injunctions to avoid such conduct in future, was their only additional punishment. Thus this storm seemed to pass over, but it, along with some other circumstances to be noticed in the course of our history, hastened the revolution in the affairs of Edinmouth; the officers, were sensible of the error they had committed in taking any part of condemned goods at their own hand, and the return they had met with for their kindness, easily induced them to second with cheerfulness the endeavours of Mr Imray to introduce a greater degree of strictness and regularity into the office.

CHAPTER XIII.

These three, these great, these mighty three
Whispered aloud; for this we find
A current custom, with mankind
So loud to whisper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard.

THE GHOST.

ONE of Duncan M'Groul's best customers was Struan Robertson, a person of great notoriety, who rented a small farm in the middle of Edinham-moor—if a few acres of rock and moss, partially cleared of the heath, which produced a little stunted oats and some potatoes merited the name—he was better known by the appellation of Rough Struan, owing to a thick coat of hair

which overshaded his whole neck and face, for his beard claimed kindred with his whiskers, and his mustachios were seldom invisible for more than two days in a month; he was a firm strong-built man, about five feet ten inches in height, between fifty and sixty years of age, somewhat "bull-necked," and very "bull-horned:" besides being a farmer, he was a great horse-couper, and his wife kept a house for the entertainment of men and horses; he had two sons, Appin and Ringan, who were "men of all work" Carriers, Horse dealers, Ditchers, and Day-labourers, any thing by turns, but nothing long—

The muir extended upwards of ten miles in every direction, and neither a tree nor a house was to be seen within several miles of Struan's, which became thus the resting place for all travellers—the midway house---Ringan the youngest of the sons, had been in the morning at Edinmouth with a cart of peats, and passing the Custom-House Close after the close of the af-

fray, was one of the few who were gainers by it; he brought off with him some of the spoil on his return home.

In the evening after putting up his horse, he came into the kitchen where his father was sitting with some travellers in the "bink" and partaking with them of whisky and small beer; "Father" said he, producing a portion of the tobacco, "you never saw such fun since the seizin' the stell at the Holme whare the gaugers were sae weel lickit, as I saw the day at Edinmouth---the haill toun raise upon the Custom-House, and took frae them a cargo of tobacco they were burning. I happened misfortunately just to come in at the close of the fray, or I dare say I might hae gotten a cartfu' for the takin'; twa or three o' them war sayin', "gin Rough Struan had been there he wad hae gotten a fine hawl—I'se warrand you some o' our friends 'll hae a pickle to sell or I'm mista'en.'

"I would gie you a glass for your news young man, said his father, but

our stoup's out, an' the gentlemen war speaking about gain'."

"We must have another replied one of them, taking the landlord's hint, "we can't part upon an empty stoup."

"He'll taste with me" said a thin looking man who had been sitting alone with a gill of whisky untouched before him, "I believe I can spare a little of what I've got here,—this is a son of your's, landlord, is he not?"

"My wife says sae, an' she should ken best," replied Struan.

"Well, my lad, there's for you," said the other, handing Ringan a glass—"and if you're not in a hurry, I'll be glad if you'd sit down and favour me with your company till the shower be over; I'd like to know all about this dust at Edinmouth."

Ringan did as desired, and gave as full an account as he could of what he had seen, adding a number of *et ceteras* he had heard, embellishing the whole as he went along with a few touches of imagination to

enliven the tale. The story and stoup were finished together; and Ringan was edging gradually off with the remark, "that it did na seem like to fair," when his entertainer, who said he could not move while it continued to rain, and being a stranger in that part of the country, wished all the information he could collect respecting it, ordered the liquor to be replaced. Ringan, who had learned of his father to regulate his movements within doors in wet weather, in some manner by the disposition of the guests, retraced the segment of the circle he had been describing with the offside foot of his chair; and filling up his glass with a "weel if it maun be sae," again pledged the paymaster, and prepared to satisfy his curiosity. His inquiries were chiefly directed about the merchants of Edinmouth, and the trade of the place; and they were conducted in that oblique manner, which leads even a cautious man to say a great deal more than he intends, and

that too when he is giving himself credit for being very guarded in his expressions.

Struan observing the growing intimacy between his son and the stranger, occasionally lent in a word in the conversation, when he heard Ringan's tongue going looser than he thought proper; and at last, when he heard the stranger desire the gill stoup to be replenished a third time, and had noticed that he pressed Ringan always to take off his glass, while he scarcely tasted it himself, he rather roughly bade his son " gang an' see if the gentleman's horse was nae done wi' her corn, an' if she was, to gi'e her a lock garse, as there was nae hay i'the rack."

Ringan rose rather sulkily, muttering to himself " he kent weel enough what he wanted, but he wad let him see he wadna be aye sae used."

The father, though he liked well enough to encourage drinking in his house, preferred his interest all times to a drink, saw

that his son had misunderstood him, and followed him to the door.

"What's the use o' us baith gain' to look after the brute?" said Ringan, when he noticed him "if you war coming out yoursel, could na I ha'e sitten still?"

"Ringan, my man," answered the father, calmly, "ye ken weel enough that I was wantin' nane of the man's liquor, but I did na want you to hurt yoursel, when ye ken what we've to do the night."

"What have we to do the night?" answered the surly youth, "do you think I couldna take care o' mysel?"

"Well maybe you might—but hear me, Ringan," replied Struan, "we should be very carefu' what we say before strangers; there's nae sayin' what use may be made o't, an I'm no very clear if that thin chaftit loun hadna some end to serve in gi'en you sae muckle whisky, whan, as ye saw, he took nane o't to himsel. I'm no for bein' mim-mon'd when there's no reason; but a

man had as gude, whiles, cast a knot on his tongue; ye heard how he was questionin' you a' about Duncan, an' about the stell-pat—I wadna say oure muckle but he's maybe ane o' the gauger folk, an a' I wanted you to do was only to tak' care, an' no tell tales out o' the school.—It would be lang to the day or you would hear my breath."

"If I thought he was ane o' thae kind," said Ringan, "I'd gie him something for his pains,—but he's a discreet gentleman-like man, an ye're aye thinkin' ill o' a' body; d'ye mind how ye ance maistly got yoursel' fell'd at the May Fair was a twalmonth, by your takin' lang Will Snedden for the drucken Showman that was drumm'd out o' Dumbar."

"I may be mistaen like ither folks, Ringan, only I just wantit to pit you on your guard; come awa in, after ye've lookit at the horse, an' leave the rest to me; I'se wager I'se be at the bottom o' him, an' if

he be na what I suspect him, I'll be content to lose a bottle o' yill."

"An' if he be, I'll be in your debt twa, if he grein to come this road in a hurry again," said Ringan.

The company with which Struan had been engaged, were pedestrians, and having finished their stuff, broke up and departed, on the old man's return. The stranger, who had taken up the same opinion respecting Struan's conduct as his son, invited him to supply his place in his absence. He begged his pardon for not asking him at first, which he would have done, 'only he saw him engaged with other company.

"I was asking your son before he went out,' said the suspected character, "respecting the people of this country, I am not quite certain but I may settle for some time in Edinmouth, if I find it agree with the accounts I have heard of it; and I have a distant relation with whom you are acquainted—Mr M'Groul, who told me

you could be of service to me in my line."

"Now, Sir," said Struan, "no to interrupt you, if you please, are you no ane o' the gentleman connected with the Excise?"

"No, Sir, I am not," replied the other, "what makes you think that?"

"Nae offence Sir, I hope, but I thought you had."

This was spoken in that dry manner which amounts to nearly the same thing as if the speaker had added, "and I think so still," at least it was thus understood, for the supposed Exciseman instantly took him up with—

"If you have the smallest suspicion of me, Mr Robertson, that I am not what I appear to be, I shall before we proceed, further give you such proof as will satisfy you.

My name is Cairny—and then pulling out a pocket-book, from which he took a parcel of letters, there you see they are all

addressed to me—and this, putting one into Struan's hand, is from Mr M'Groul. When Struan had read the letter, he returned it, and taking up the glass, I see you are a true man, Mr Carney, here's to our better acquaintance, but troth Sir, frae your way o' speekin' to our lad, I took you for some o' thae d—d gaugers coming to see if you could find out ony thing; and what made me the mair thoughtfu', we are expeckin' this very night, some North country acquaintance, wi' a drap o' the *real thing*. But it's wearing late, would you no tak' something to eat? You canna gang farer this night, an' the time its getting ready we'll go out an tak a turn i the garden, we canna weel speak thegither i' the house, for you see there's sae mony bodies comin an' gaun, but my ain closet will be empty in no time."

The wisdom of this suggestion being apparent, the two went out together into the garden, a space of about a quarter of an acre, enclosed with a low feal dyke, about two

feet and an half high, with an opening for an entry, in which a whin bush was stuck by way of a door, planted with kail, turnip, and potatoes; some rose sprigs, and spearmint, with a few neglected gooseberry and currant bushes, ornamenting its borders.

"Now, Mr Cairny," said Robertson, "we needna gang about the buss, there's naebody within reach o' us, whatever I can do to serve you, you may command me in, for there's no a man in a' Edinmouth I would do mair to oblige than your worthy friend Mr Duncan M'Groul, many a pound I have given him, an' there never was an ill word between us—so if I can serve you, for his sake, let me ken."

"I do not wish, Mr Robertson, to ask you to do any thing that would not be mutually advantageous, both to yourself and me."

"I dare say that, Mr Cairny; but let me hear at once what it is you want me to do."

"I need not tell you that every thing must be kept quiet."

"Oh! depend upon me."

"I told you that I intend, if all things suits, to be your neighbour. I have taken one of the moor farms upon an improving lease; and as I have given considerably more than what any other bidder offered, I am told that I have offered considerably more than the value of the land. I was unfortunate in the West Country by committing a similar mistake; and if I do not succeed here, I shall be quite ruined. I wish to help myself a little; and I have been given to understand, that one of your sons wrought with a distiller.—I mean to have a shepherd's hut built at the end of my farm—do you think he would engage for any reasonable hire?"

"That's what requires consideration, Mr Cairny; but we'se spier at him—an', tho' I say't that shouldna say't, Ringan's a clever-handed fallow—he can turn himsel' to ony

thing; an', in case o' accidents, there's no ane in a' the country side 'ill lift a rung wi' him—an' he has this recommendation, he's no easily feared,—however, I dinna think he would *bind*."

"I'll not ask him to do what's against his inclination—so if you'll call him, he and I shall try if we can agree."

"There's one thing, however, Mr Cairny, you recollect that I am to ken naething about your wark, an' its no to stand upon my farm for Struan Robertson has enough to do to keep himsel ay free frae skaith."

"You may rest assured, Mr Robertson," answered Cairny, "that, happen what may, you shall never be implicated—send me your son."

CHAPTER XIV.

Let each new year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burthens rise,
Exempt we sit, by no such cares opprest,
We 'scape—— NIGHT.

"RINGAN, I've lost my wager," said Struan, as he entered the stable, to desire his son to go to Mr Cairny.

"I kent you would do that," answered Ringan, "but you're ay sae rash an' sae wise, ye think naebody can see through a whun-stane but yoursel."

"But I wasnae sae far wrang tho' after a'," replied the father, "I was sure he was

nane o' the common kind o' travellers, by his way o' askin' questions."

"An wha' is he then,' asked the son.

"He'll tell you that himself, you maun gae awa to him, he's i' the garden waitin' for you—see an' dinna stay, the supper will be ready shortly, an' Handyside will likely be here afore lang, wi Appin."

Ringan who could not understand what the stranger wanted with him, went direct to the garden to Mr Cairny, when, on being informed of the nature of the service he wished to engage him for, "that wad need to be sleepit an' waukit upon," said he, "I ken something about that wark already, as this can testify,"—pointing to his cheek, which had once been divided and retained still the mark in a comely seam.

"It must have been a serious job when you got such a blow."

"It wasna bairn's play, but I geed as good's I got."

"I can well believe you," replied Cairny, as he eyed the young man more attentively.

Ringan now in his five and twentieth year, stood six feet of as firm bone as was ever laced by strong muscular fibre, and his bold chest and capacious shoulders, indicated power sufficient to give energy to the well-proportioned limbs which were attached to them—his shaggy hair hung over an open forehead, and the expression of his dark grey eyes was rather that of careless fearlessness than ferocity; his cheeks, which nature had originally formed fair and ruddy, were bronzed by the sun and varied only in shade by a darker brown, marking the scite of the red it had displaced, his mouth small and playful confirmed the indication of his eyes, his gait was what in a nobleman would have been styled majestic—but in Ringin was called impudent, and his manner which would have been praised as frankness in the peer, was thought rather forward in him.—The occasion to which he alluded

was an engagement with the gaugers at the seizing a still in the Holme, when Ringin, his father, and brother attacked the officers as they were carrying off the utensils and nearly succeeded in effecting a rescue; almost the only time when the three suffered a defeat, and the greatest risque ever they ran of being detected—the narrow escape made them rather more cautious, because they, like the American Indians, considered a victory disgraceful if any of their friends were injured to purchase it; like the ancient Spartans, so famed for virtue, they feared not the deed, the discovery was the crime—Now the Holme was upon the borders of the farm which Cairny had taken, and was the place he had pitched upon for the erection of his shepherd's hut, it was as favourable a situation as could be desired, and the detection of a still so lately at work in the same place, was with Ringan an additional motive for recommencing, because he thought it was not likely to be suspected so soon;

and at the same time it afforded him occasion for demanding a greater sum in consideration of what he held out to Cairny as an additional risk. Cairny was not a man disposed to stick upon trifles; he had always been a dashing speculator, and though always unfortunate, there never was a speculation in which he embarked that did not promise to do well, and never one failed but what, had it only held out a month, a week, or a day longer, would infallibly have made his fortuue; he had now the strongest motives possible to urge him to strike a grand stroke. He had every thing to gain, and nothing to lose; he therefore agreed, without hesitation, to Ringan's proposals; and, before Struan came out to inform them that the supper was ready, a bargain was struck.

"Now," said Cairny, as they went into the house, "I am a common traveller, recollect, I shall enjoy myself to-night, and set forward to Edinmouth to-morrow."

The farm-house of Edinham-muir, was a new building of two stories in height, with stables, barns, and byres, built upon a calculation of some miraculous improvement taking place in the land; for had Struan trebled the number of cattle he possessed, he would have had ample accommodation for them all, without trenching upon the trevasses allotted to the carriers, carters, and other chance travelling cattle. This disproportion between the house and the offices, had not escaped the notice of the merchants at Edinmouth: and, as they had often felt the want of a house of deposit,—there was no such thing in those days as lodging goods in bonded ware-houses, where they could lie, without the duty being demanded, till the goods were sold, or were sent to the navy, or exported, without paying any duty at all.—They so ordered their business, that Struan Robertson's out-houses, by a mutual understanding, were made

to answer all the useful ends of King's cellars.

The dwelling house was divided into a room, kitchen, and a small closet appropriated to Struan's own use, and those of his intimate acquaintances, on the ground floor; and the upper flat contained the same number of apartments, double bedded, opposite which were distributed on whitewashed walls, the monitory pictures of the Prodigal Son, Joseph and his brethren, and Robinson Crusoe, with a large sheet map of the Tree of Knowledge, and as a companion, the equally respectable print of "Keep within compass." The kitchen served as the public room, and the closet was the supper-chamber, in which sat Mr Cairny, Struan, and Ringan, over fried ham and eggs, in friendly conversation, unreservedly relating to each other their various exploits and stratagems.—Cairny was a man expert in contriving, and depended most upon his ingenuity.—Ringan was regardless in

execution, and trusted much to his courage and personal prowess—Struan united the qualities of both, and was besides a man of great experience, but withal he was possessed of that degree of self-confidence which produces obstinacy and impatience of contradiction, and when he did see his error, or confessed his fault, it was always with some reservation in his own favour, tending to exculpate his judgment from any share of the blame—a frailty, if it be one, not altogether peculiar to Struan.

"I have ay, Mr Cairny," said the old man, "endeavoured to do things in as canny a way as possible, but this last story at the Howm, I'm feared it's no quite done yet; I've had twa or three folk comin' about the house sin syne, that I dinna like very weel, an' that mak's a body suspicious. Ringan there, he's owre outspoken—I can say this for mysel', that although I have been a lang while backward an' forward, in scrapes o' ae kind an' anither, I never

was the man they could spoken to, till this last job, an' if my advices had been ta'en, it wadna fa'en out sae as it did, nor been——

"Oo aye, aye, if your advice had been ta'en, that wad done wonders—wha wast that sent Enæas' laddie doun to the Howm?"

"I'm only makin' the observation, Ringan, no to cast ony reflection on what's past, let a byganes be byganes, its only take tent in time to come, an' now whan there's a likelihood o' doin' something, dinna spoil't again wi' forwardsomeness. Mr Cairny, ye maun understand that things 'll no do wi' us now as they use to do, we need to gang mair cautiously about them, it's no like as it was in auld Mr. Wingate's days, honest man; I've kent him when he's been out shootin' an' I've been wi' him that he wad hae come in himsel, an brought maybe some ither gentleman, an' sitten i' the very bit whare ye are, Mr Cairny, he would gart me bring ben the "Landlord's bottle," an' tain his dram as heartily, an' joket about

as frankly as either you or I could do—an' that's as weel minded, did ye hear whan ye was doun bye the day how he is doin' ?—the last time I saw Mr M'Groul, he said it was nae thought he could pit aff lang."

"I heard some clatter that he was dead, but I couldnae get at the bottom o't."

While they were going on with this conversation, a shower of small stones or pease came rattling against the window of the closet, and Ringan, starting to his feet, instantly formed a musical instrument, by putting the fore and middle fingers of each hand into his mouth, from which he brought sounds twice repeated, that would have done no discredit to a boatswain's whistle

"Handyside an' Appin," whispered old Struan to Mr Cairny, in a key as if afraid of being overheard, "that's to tell the coast's clear---will you go an see what they've brought ?" Mr Cairny nodded assent, and they were about to proceed, when the

door opened, and Appin starting back, hesitated on the threshold—

"Were a' friends---come in," said his father, in the same low tone in which he had addressed Mr Cairny, "but—but," continued he, his manner betraying anxiety and suspicion, when he observed that he had no companion, "what way are ye come your lane, whare Handyside."

"He'll no be here the night," said Appin, sitting down, and throwing a significant glance to his brother.

Ringan replied to it by repeating, "We're a' friends,"—and Appin proceeded—"He's safe! just as safe as lock an' key can mak' him, or I'm mistane."

The company fixing their eyes on the relator, he went on—

"I canna account for what's gaun foret thenight—I'm sure the moors 'll no be open this twa month yet—but sic a rinnin' an' ridin' I never saw the like o't, it's war than the night before the review, a's no right.

at Edinmouth, I wish Duncan may na fa' into a hole war than our stell-pat yet."

"Oo man, I'll tell you what it is—it's a kick-up about some tobacco i' the Custom-House, but gae on wi' your story, an' let us hear what happened to Handyside an' you—I'll tell you a' about the ither after."

"Weel, as we were just enterin' on the moor, I sees, at a wee distance comin' up, Mr Hay an' some o' the Justices, alang wi' Gorkie the Supervisor, an' a whea mae."

"He has na forgotten the sail he got that night I past him wi' the carts, as I cam frae the Cove—but dinna let me interrupt you"—A needless advice, for Appin's detail suffered no break.

"They war nae a' the gither, but in twas an' threes; an' I says to Handyside, there's huntin' gain' on yonder, but it's no hares they're seekin', so we better tak' different roads."—"Aye," says he, "I dare say that's true," an' aff he set, up direct to the Howm, at the tap gallop. As

I had but little about me, I thought the safest way for me would be to jog on, an' tak' nae notice; an' it turned out sae by gude luck, for a' the pack took after him; an' when I got them fairly out o' sight, I gart Mallie lay down her legs—an' here I am."

"I'm glad it's nae war," said Struan to his son. "But, Mr Cairney, this looks ill for your chance—I'm no very keen o' rinnin' great risks. What say ye Ringan?"

"Never venture, never wan.—The mair risk, the mair profit—I say—the gentleman does nae expect, ony mair than mysel', that it was to be a' gain, an' nae danger."

"No, I did not, my boy!—give your brother something to warm him, speaking within a parenthesis.

"I hae some o' my ain, if I could ance get at it," answered Appin, without encroaching upon the main sentence;—

"We shall take all chances into consideration, and we shall stand or fall toge-

ther. If I do succeed, you shall share—there's my hand upon it."

"An there's mine, Sir, if ye fail, it sha'na be my fau't. However, I wadna say but it might be unsafe i' the Holme.--There's an auld waste pit a wee ayont it."

"That's the place, Ringan, you've hitten on't now," cried his father. "Mr Cairny, Sir, you couldna hae found a better if you had gotten ane made express for the purpose."

Appin, who, during the last part of the conversation, had been employing his fingers about the buttonings and twistings of his garments, had at last succeeded in loosening his great-coat, coat, and waistcoat; and throwing them open, he stood as completely cased in iron as a Curassier—unbuckling two leather straps, he laid down upon the table a range of small thin flasks, formed to join as compactly, and enclose him as completely as a suit of armour.

"There's a' that I could get the night,"

then lifting and shaking them, "this is what we ca' our body-linen i' the South," —to Mr Cairney—" an' if you please, Sir, to taste it, you'll find it as good a drap as ever crossed your craig. I was vext at the time that I coudnae get my barrels filled, but its better they warnae as its turned out."

" The deil's aye gude to his ain, Appin," quoth the father.

" Aye, an' to some of their bairns too," added Ringan.

The interruption occasioned by the process of tasting, for all partook, was but short, and the conversation resumed its old direction respecting "the wark." After much deliberation, it was determined that Duncan M'Groul should be consulted; Ringan said, " he thought the Vintner would be a good hand to advise wi', as he was up to a heap, an' we've gotten a good deal o' his siller."

" He's a very good customer, an' a man

I've kent lang," replied Struan, "but I'm no sae sure about his hadden his tongue as my worthy friend Duncan."

It was therefore finally determined, that Duncan alone should be consulted; a determination, however, not finally resolved upon, until a great many compliments, direct and oblique, had been paid to him as Mr Cairny's relation, a circumstance which Rough Struan insinuated, had no small influence in procuring him this high honour. And accordingly, the last glass was ta'en aff to "Mr Cairny, your friend's gude health." —Leaving themselves the bottom o' the bowl only to drink "gude night."

CHAPTER XV.

> I cannot but remember such things were,
> That were most precious to me.
>
> MACBETH.

THE inmates of Bowerbank, especially the females, from general had become "particular acquaintances,"—for along with all her other good qualities, Miss Bruce possessed that most essential one; she could, when she liked, be an excellent "listner," which to Mrs Comyns, who had a peculiar satisfaction in hearing herself talk o' "auld lang syne," was a wonderful recommendation,

and extremely flattering when paid by one who was so lively, and not wholly exempt from the forwardness of an only daughter.

It was the usual custom of the old Lady and her young friend, after the parties had broken up, to spend an hour or so in an easy comfortable sort of chit chat before they separated for the night.

When the dining or drawing room was emptied of its guests, and they two left alone, the solitary fragments of a gay sprightly circle, the relics of cheerfulness and animation.

"Come, draw in your chair, my dear," Mrs Comyns would say," and let us enjoy ourselves."

And perhaps no period of this amiable woman's existence was more agreeable, than when with her nose almost touching Miss Bruce's, she dwelt upon the remembrance of all that had been most lovely, joyous, and dear to her soul.

"This reminds me," said Mrs Comyns one evening, during one of these confidential conversations, after all the company had retired, "of the days that are gone, when my George used to take the head of the table, and perhaps the reason why I feel so much attached to your brother, is a real, or a fancied resemblance I find in him to my son—we are but strangers, my dear Ann, but from this circumstance, I feel an almost mother's affection both for him and for yourself. It is upwards of twenty years since he fell bravely fighting for his country—yet to me it appears but as yesterday. When I look at the foot of my table, and see Captain Bruce filling his place with the same attention to my guests, and the same respect to myself, and the same frank cheerfulness of manners, I feel the tears trickle down my cheeks insensibly, but they are not unpleasant; I remember my boy with honest pride—they are the only tears he ever caused me shed, and why should I weep, he was a sol-

dier and died the death of a soldier.—I'll shew you the miniature he gave me the day before he left this to join his regiment, and you shall jndge whether there be any likeness to your brother; but lest we should be interrupted you had better come with me to my bed-room.

They went together to Mrs Comyns' bed-room, and from a neat cabinet she brought out the picture—when Miss Bruce had looked for some time upon it " I think, said she, when you mention the circumstance I could almost trace a resemblance, only the difference of the uniform—but that's nothing, my brother says that the officers now-a-days change their fashions as often as the ladies, and as whimsically as if they had a man-milliner for their Commander-in-chief—the resemblance is extremely flattering to my brother—there is an arch playfulness about the face—no, Ewen is too grave, at least too grave for so divine a countenance."

" Ah! my George too was grave, for

even young, handsome, and accomplished, he was not happy."

Then going again to the cabinet, Mrs Comyns brought out another miniature.

"Here is one, which I am certain bears a resemblance to a young lady not a thousand miles off—it struck your brother the moment I showed it him, only he made a remark on it somewhat different from what you did on my son's, he thought it too grave for you, and I am rather inclined to be of his opinion."

"It's a lovely face, however; and I shall ever after think the better of my own, for bearing even a faint resemblance to it."

"She should have been my daughter; but, alas!" then pausing a moment—"the events of Providence are mysterious, we must wait the concluding scene of the Drama, before we can venture to pronounce on the incidents. These two were nearly of an age, much about your own and your

brother's time of life, when they became acquainted."

"Was she a Scotch lady?" asked Miss Bruce, "I think there's something foreign in her dress."

"She was of Scottish extraction," replied Mrs Comyns, "I never saw her; but, by my son's description, she must have been a very accomplished and beautiful girl. I could trust George's discernment in almost any situation, and he was most keenly attached to her.' —

Perceiving that Miss Bruce's eye expressed more curiosity than her tongue, Mrs Comyns proceeded;—

My husband died when my son was but an infant, leaving him heir to this estate. And here we stopped till he was of sufficient age to attend the High School, when I took a house in Edinburgh, where we removed for the benefit of his education.— While he was at College, we spent the winter in Town, and the summer months in the coun-

try;—these were the years of my life which I passed in the most uninterrupted tranquil enjoyment; my son was every thing that I could wish—affectionate, handsome, master of all those accomplishments of which a woman is judge; and the gentlemen who visited at my house, flattered me with the accounts of his excellencies in all the manly studies and exercises. He supplied the loss of his father, and had already become my counsellor and friend; but a number of his companions at College, having entered the army, much against my inclination, he chose the military profession as his—In order, if possible, to wean him from the service, for I wished him to settle upon his estate, as a plain country gentleman, I tried every mean in my power, and when he saw me so anxious that he should remain at home, he told me that he had come to the determination of giving up his own inclination to mine, and thence forward would study agriculture—I saw the struggle it cost

him, and regretted that I had been so urgent, but he never would allow me to mention the army till years after. Before settling finally, he expressed a wish to see the Continent; a wish so natural, and so proper for a young gentleman, that I never thought of making the smallest objection.

He proposed travelling in company with a neighbouring Baronet, who had been a College acquaintance, and had lately lost his father—they separated, however, and he proceeded alone. When he accomplished the tour, and was on the eve of returning, he was introduced to this young lady at Paris, which induced him to remain there. —He should have brought me a daughter-in-law—but I only received her picture. Perhaps I may afterwards show you the letters, containing an account of the whole of George s unfortunate attachment, if you are very curious—but I must reserve them as an inducement to bring you back."

" I shall always feel interested in what-

ever has concerned the family of Mrs Comyns," replied Miss Bruce, "and would be highly gratified in seeing the correspondence; but I need no additional inducement to make me wish often to renew my visits to Bowerbank."

"The correspondence," said Mrs Comyns, "is too long to show you at present, but, as I look forward to many happy hours from your future visits, you can claim your reward when you earn it. In the mean time you may look at that scrap which has fallen from his papers," handing Miss Bruce a Sonnet.—"George was also, like lovers, poetical at times; though the pieces I have preserved, were written under very unfavourable circumstances."—

SONNET.

Fled are thy idle dreams—fantastic Love!
Faded the scenes my childish fancy drew;
Yet they were pleasant! pleasant 'twas to rove,
Wild Fairy Land, thy baseless region through,
With untaught breast and uncheck'd step I flew,
And ay the farthest sky shone in the brightest hue·

Amid the cares which later life attend,
Now the enchanted picture's thrown aside,
Far other dreams successively ascend,
Like dark, dark clouds o'er the horizon wide,
But yet unlike—for darkest clouds that glide,
However slowly, o'er heaven's vaulted brow;
They glide away, but *those* for ay abide.
In stern remembrance—each day darker grow—
Deepens each passing hour my unavailing woe!

CHAPTER XVI.

What is this fleeting scene?
A peevish April day;
A little sun a little rain,
And then night shoots across the plain,
And all things pass away.

H. Kirke White.

The company at Bowerbank were about to disperse, Miss Bruce for Edinburgh, and Colonel Muiravon for the north; Captain Bruce only was to remain, as Mrs Comyns jocularly expressed it, a few nights longer, by particular desire.

Mrs Comyns had often mentioned, in the course of the conversations we have alluded to, a Miss Stewart; a young lady, a distant rela-

tion of a neighbouring gentleman, Mr Hay of Ha-hill, with whom she wished Miss Bruce to be acquainted, and as often regretted that it had never been in her power to introduce her to one in whom she felt a peculiar interest, as she unfortunately happened to be in another part of the country during the whole time the latter had remained at Bowerbank; but in order, as she said, to induce Miss Bruce to repeat her visit speedily, she promised to invite Miss Stewart to spend a few days with her on her return.

The gentry in the neighbourhood of Bowerbank had not, at the date we write of, relinquished the decent practice of their forefathers, in showing their dependants an example of respect for the institutions of their country; they attended the parish kirk, if not devoutly, at least regularly. Mrs Comyns who kept up this .practice with great punctuality, was at the parish church of Bankside with all her guests on the Sunday before the intended separation;

they had just seated themselves in one of the front seats of the loft, when they observed the Ha-hill family enter on the opposite side, accompanied by the lady of whom Mrs Comyns had so often spoken.

"You will yet have an opportunity of being introduced to Miss Stewart, before you leave us," whispered Mrs Comyns to Miss Bruce, as she saw them come in, "I see she is returned."

After sermon the two families met as they were taking their carriages, and amid the common greetings, Miss Stewart was introduced to Miss Bruce.

Miss Bruce expressed her regret, that she was under the necessity of leaving that part of the country so soon, but at the same time hoped, on her return, which she expected would be shortly, to have the pleasure of Miss Stewart's company, at her friend Mrs Comyns, where she should be happy to cultivate a friend-

ship, of which she had heard her speak so highly.

Miss Stewart bowed, and replied, that as she was a stranger in that part of the country, she readily accepted a friendship so frankly offered.

"I am a stranger too in this quarter, and that is a reason you know why we should cultivate each other s acquaintanceship, but as you are the greater stranger of the two, I shall do myself the pleasure of first waiting upon you. My time does not admit of ceremony, if you are disengaged I shall take a walk to Ha-hill to morrow forenoon, as I propose leaving for Edinburgh the day after."

"I can hardly answer for my time," said Miss Stewart, "because it must at present be in a great measure regulated by my hostess; but as far as depends upon myself, I shall always be disengaged when Miss Bruce does me the honour of a visit."

While the young ladies were adjusting

their plan of procedure, Mrs Hay was insisting upon the Colonel to perform his promise of a farewell visit, and Mr Hay was politely expressing his sorrow that Captain Bruce's accident had prevented their having had the pleasure of seeing the whole party."

"You know, Mr Hay," said Mrs Comyns, in reply to his invitation, I do not often go abroad; but for the sake of my young friends, when Miss Bruce returns I mean to increase my visits."

Mrs Hay with eagerness hoped, that Ha-hill would not be the last place she would frequent. "I am certain of this, you'll go to none where you'll be made welcomer."

These civilities exchanged, the parties separated.

On their way to Bowerbank, Mrs Comyns in conjunction with Colonel Muiravon, rallied Bruce, on his attention having been more fixed on Ha-hill loft than on the preacher, and he in return, aided by his sis-

ter, retorted the charge upon the Colonel, whose eyes, he insisted, had taken a squinting direction during the whole discourse.

On the Monday Miss Bruce set out for Ha-hill to perform her promise to Miss Stewart, and Colonel Muiravon to fulfil his to the lady of Mr Hay; they arrived there rather earlier than was expected, and came abruptly upon Mrs Hay (quite in her element, for she was a notable housewife,) superintending a servant scrubbing at the tables in the dining-room, to whom she was issuing her orders in a tone of voice which rendered it unnecessary to enquire in what part of the house she was engaged; the chairs and tables were collected in the centre, and the carpet rolled up at the edges, formed a parapet around them, outside of which stood the lady, with her cap loose, stuck upon one side of her head, brandishing a towel in one hand, and flourishing rhetorically with the other; the door was gaping open, and the servant

who received them pointing to the apparture, left Colonel Muiravon and Miss Bruce to introduce themselves. Perceiving symptoms of confusion, they advanced hesitatingly, but they no sooner "caught the speaker's eye," than she relieved them from all embarrassment, by exclaiming with a hearty laugh; "Ah! Colonel you've catched us in a dishabille! There are so many things to do about a house in a morning, and they are never well done unless I see after them myself Miss Bruce you're not acquainted with this yet, but wait my lass till you get a husband and a house of your own, and then you'll know something about it, however I am very glad to see you both, will you step into the parlour for a little till I get myself and the room sorted; or perhaps you'd like as well to take a turn in the garden, you'll find Miss Stewart and Mr Hay there,—I'll not be long before I be ready to receive you." Without further troubling herself about the matter she returned to

her servants, and chairs and tables, leaving her visitors to adopt whatever alternative they chose.—They chose the last and went to the garden to join Mr Hay and Miss Stewart.

Mr Hay was superintending the arrangement of some flower-plots, and Miss Stewart was fondling a little girl, when the visitors approached. Mr Hay, as soon as he perceived Miss Bruce and Colonel Muiravon advancing, left his employment, and went to welcome them, accompanied by his companion, who led her little charge in her hand. The meeting between the young ladies was agreeable to both; but there was a degree of reserve in Miss Stewart's manner, which, in some degree, at first checked the exuberant vivacity of her young friend; they soon, however, entered upon a pleasantly familiar conversation on commonplace topics, in which they were joined by the gentlemen, and were wandering about with Mr Hay, who was pointing out to them his

gardening employments, when Mrs Hay, attended by her son, a tall aukward young man, broke in upon them;—the lady began immediately to scold Mr Muiravon, with all the freedom of an old acquaintance, although she had only seen him once or twice before, for, having been so great a stranger at Ha-hill; the son attached himself to Miss Bruce, with a rude familiarity which he mistook for ease. Mr Hay, sensible of the impotence of his authority, stood silent. Miss Bruce, who perceived that it was in vain to attempt stopping the tongue of her young admirer, although chagrined at having an agreeable party disturbed, heard the rustic beau with patience, till, having exhausted his whole fund of introductory compliment, he also became mute. The syncope was interrupted by Mr Hay's proposal to return to the house, which was quickly followed by another from Miss Bruce, to walk home.

The election of a Member for the Coun-

ty was to take place in a few days, and Mr Hay, who had been engaged in canvassing for a friend, was to give an entertainment to a number of freeholders on his side of the question that day; he therefore apologised to Miss Bruce, that he could not insist upon her staying with them, as he knew a political-party dinner was not, in general, amusing except to the party themselves.

Miss Bruce seized the opportunity of requesting the favour of Miss Stewart's spending the evening with them at Bowerbank, an invitation Miss Stewart accepted with pleasure, being happy to get rid of a company to which she was not very partial, and Mrs Hay, who thought "silly girls" mere incumbrances upon such occasions, cordially acquiesced, adding, at the same time, "if Mrs Comyns insists upon your remaining all night, you may," a liberty which Miss Bruce was about to request, and which Miss Stewart felt pleased at having, unsuggested upon her part, proposed by Mrs Hay;

for she did not like the idea of being the only young female, in a large and promiscuous assemblage of gentlemen, and besides, she felt a strong inclination to cultivate a rising attachment for her new friend.

The kindness which Miss Bruce had conceived for Miss Stewart, at first sight, was heightened by this interview. Miss Stewart was naturally reserved, nor did the situation in which she was placed tend to make her more communicative. She felt the kindness of Miss Bruce's gratuitous offer of friendship, but the idea that it might be offered from motives of compassion, prevented her giving way to that spring of youthful affection so natural and so lovely in a female; she seemed rather to shrink from the open unrestrained advances of Miss Bruce, who, never having known adversity, was unacquainted with suspecting delicacy, which a sense of dependence produces, nor could she imagine, that kindness itself sometimes be-

comes rather oppressive, even from the very circumstance of being cordially proposed, and warmly urged; the very appearance of reluctance, therefore, made her more anxious to overcome what she attributed entirely to a natural reservedness of manner, and induced her more urgently to press her offers of service, the more backward she observed Miss Stewart to be, from accepting any obligation. The strife of kindness among young and ingenuous minds, where there is no suspicion of any interested motive, may sometimes produce a little momentary uneasiness, but seldom is the occasion of lasting pain. It is only when we get acquainted with the world, after having felt how often professions are insincere, after having been cruelly disappointed in our earliest and fondest attachments, as we advance in life we call in our generous affections, we become more selfish and suspicious; like the flower, we narrow our cup by contracting our leaves at the approach of

evening. It was different with the new associates, they were both in the morning of life, to Miss Bruce the day spring had been fair, and gay, and light, and her soul expanded to receive the radiance of every brilliant and lively emotion; to Miss Stewart it had been chequered, but the clouds which had chilled her sky, had never contracted the petals round her heart.

Mr Hay was satisfied with the arrangement; he felt an interest in Miss Stewart, and he was always happy to see her introduced to the society at Mrs Comyns, where he knew she reaped advantages she could have no prospect of enjoying in his house. He had felt, in his own experience, the truth of an observation very often made upon the formation of unequal matrimonal connections—" when a man marries an ignorant woman, whose habits and education belong to a situation of life much inferior to his own, he can seldom if ever fit her to sustain the elevation to which she is raised;

but is often obliged to descend to accommodate himself to her."—The common phrase is he throws himself away. His relations, who could never be persuaded to see half the perfections in his house-keeper, that he endeavoured to convince them she possessed, after he made her Mrs Hay, were not over assiduous in their attentions to their new sister-in-law, a neglect which she as his lady, took in high dudgeon; and he, for the sake of peace at home, being under the necessity of espousing her quarrel, they had not for some years been even upon visiting terms. The ladies of the county sympathizing with the female relations in the dispute, were rather shy; and Mrs Hay, thus left in a great measure to the tutorage of her servants, and the flatterings of those sycophants, who never fail to minister to the pride of an upstart mistress, conducted herself with a degree of insolence, which had hitherto rendered all attempts to heal the breach ineffectual.

The consequence was, that Mr Hay, in his domestic circle, was constrained to choose between descending in his associations, or to give up keeping company at home; he chose the latter; and, leaving the management of his house to his wife, he devoted himself so completely to county politics, that his situation gave currency to a Mandevillian observation, "his private misfortune became a public benefit."—When a new bridge was to be built, or a new road proposed, he was always the most active—he was a member of all the Committees, and assiduous in his duty as a Justice of Peace. In contested elections he was indefatigable; and, whether from the peculiar felicity of the county in pitching upon a member of principles similar to his, or whether it was his influence in the county, which always procured the election of the member to whom he attached himself, certain it is, he always had had the good fortune to be one of the unvarying consistent majority of free-

holders in the county of H——. The present election in which he was engaged, was very keenly contested; and his house, which was the focus of all the meetings and deliberations of the party which again had the confident expectation of being successful, was kept in a constant uproar. The arrival of Miss Stewart at this time, had been uncomfortable to herself, and he had participated in her disagreeable sensations. He was therefore glad to get her so pleasantly disposed of.

Miss Stewart was soon ready, and leaving the bustle of Ha-hill, set forward with her new friends to Bowerbank; at the top of the avenue they were met by Mrs Comyns and Captain Bruce, who, expecting their return, were advanced that length to meet them—Mrs Comyns who had not expected that they would bring Miss Stewart along with them, was highly delighted when she saw her. Miss Bruce as they walked into the house together told her that Miss Stew-

art was to do them the favour of remaining over night, a circumstance with which Mrs Comyns was still more gratified, "for this," said she, "I am indebted to the election. I thought that now of all things upon earth an election of a member of parliament was the last from which I had any thing to expect; but advantages sometimes arise from the most unlooked for quarters—we should never despair."—The thought immediately occured to Mrs Comyns that as the Ha-hill folks were so much taken up with their politics, perhaps they would have no objection to allow Miss Stewart to remain a few days with her, and she determined that she would upon consulting Miss Stewart, send a message next day to Mr Hay with a request to that purpose.—Miss Stewart, though she had seen comparatively but little of Mrs Comyns, yet felt always more at ease than she could be with Mrs Hay, and as she walked down towards the house, could not help contrasting the different manner

in which they appeared to her even at first sight, and wishing it had been her fortune to have had Mrs Comyns rather than Mrs Hay for her relation; both thought she, have been kind to me, and she reproached herself with ingratitude for even attempting to draw a comparison in which her relation appeared to so much disadvantage, but to avoid it was impossible; at table it was more strikingly displayed, for Mrs Comyns had the art of encouraging conversation and taking her share in it without any apparent effort or attempt to lead; with the young she shook off her years, and entered with vivacity into their sportive sallies, remembering that she herself was once young, but without forgetting that she was so no longer—she delighted in music, and her guests were adepts particularly Miss Stewart, she said she had a harp which she had received when a child, from her mother with whom it had been a favourite instrument, and who took a pleasure in teaching her to

play the Scottish national airs; "I brought it to Scotland with me" she added, "expecting from so musical a people, a kind reception as a wandering minstrel, but I find it is hardly known.

"It's not much used with us," replied Mrs Comyns, "I have heard it highly praised. I never heard it touched myself," looking expressively, and whose eye, tenderly fixed on the speaker, seemed to say, I had a son who heard it. Mary's had instinctively cast a responsive glance. "I should like much to hear it."

"And so should I," added Captain Bruce, tradition says, that the lovely and accomplished Mary used to carry one along with her in the few pleasant excursions which she had in Scotland"

"Poor Mary Stuart," said Mrs Comyn.

"She was an unfortunate woman," added Colonel Muiravon.

"I think all Mary Stuarts are unfortu-

nate," escaped Miss Stewart,—her face flushed with the deepest crimson the moment she had spoken, accused her of saying more than she intended.

"If to be lovely be a misfortune, I should tremble for"—

"For me, I suppose you were going to say, brother," cried his sister, who instantly took him short—then turning to her friend,—"now Miss Stewart, were I not going away to-morrow, I would end all this by getting Mrs Comyns to send over to Ha-hill for the harp, and you should—I know you would not refuse—let us hear a little of its magic sounds. I have been hesitating whether I should try it myself, but if you'll undertake to teach me, I shall commence your pupil when I return."—

"You had better remain now," replied Mrs Comyns, "as this is the time Mr Hay is busy about his electioneering; I was trying to persuade Miss Stewart to tarry with us till all the hurry at Ha-hill be over, and if you

could defer your departure, our united influence might prevail, I shall send early to-morrow an embassy to Ha-hill for the purpose of acquainting Mr and Mrs Hay."

Captain Bruce joined Mrs Comyns in her request, observing to his sister, that as she had already staid so long with them, he did not think she would incur any severer punishment, were she to play the truant for a week longer—"I shall give you a line to the mistress, and Mrs Comyns will back it."

Miss Bruce was at that short-lived period of female existence, when an unmarried lady has no objections to pass for a *little* older than she is, and does not relish being treated as *much* younger—she answered pettishly " that saucy remark of your's, Bruce, would have made me set off this very day, were it not that, as we have given Mrs Comyns so much trouble, occassioned by your admirable horsemanship, I think the smallest return we can make, is to endeavour to contribute to her amusement—if the

company of an unmannerly boy, who has once more got the use of his limbs, and a boarding school Miss, can afford her any entertainment."

Miss Bruce had, however, omitted noticing another inducement, which Mrs Comyns, we presume unwittingly, brought in aid of her argument, for she never had, alluded to it as what could have the smallest influence on Miss Bruce's conduct, it merely happened to be mentioned by the way—"Mrs Comyns was happy her brother had prevailed with Colonel Muiravon to remain with *him* a few days longer"—and the Colonel, to do away any idea that he was in the most remote degree concerned in the intelligence, explained the observation by adding "he *only* remained with his friend a few days"—he might have said *weeks*—"longer than he originally intended, because he was uncertain when his regiment might be ordered on foreign service, and of course the chances of a military life ren-

dered it very uncertain when he might have it in his power to see him again—and therefore a few additional days—he could not refuse *him* at such a time."—

Miss Stewart who heard the different arrangements going forward, with a very sensible pleasure begged Mrs Comyns to consider her as wholly passive in the transaction, excepting in as far as wishes were considered active, and these were with her plan, but she believed her stay must necessarily be short, because she had engaged to accompany a friend to Edinmouth, for the benefit of bathing, and she went to the sea side in a very few days.—

"We shall take your time as you can give it; I never 'force the unwilling guest t'outstay her time,' you know that—my love," said Mrs Comyns, tapping her on the shoulder.

"But the too willing guest sometimes forgets her time," replied Miss Stewart re-

turning the friendly tap by a look in which affection and gratitude strove for the ascendancy.

"I can avouch for the truth of the fact," said Miss Bruce, taking Miss Stewart by the hand, "would you believe it, I came here only to remain a very few days, to wait upon my brother during his illness, who was only to remain till he could be removed,—he has been walking—how long, Bruce?—A week or a month?——Well, here we are still!—And I hope you wont be the first to break up the party again," addressing Miss Stewart.

"We may consider this then as a settled point," said the hostess, "that we remain at least one week longer together,—now this is kind."

Mrs Comyns, accordingly next day, ordered her trusty ambassador, an aged white-headed domestic, who had spent his youth and was enjoying his old age in her service, to hold

himself in readiness, to proceed for Ha-hill with her dispatches, to inform the family that Miss Stewart had consented to remain a few days, and she hoped, in the usual style, it would be no inconvenience to allow her to do so. A note from Miss Stewart accompanied Mrs Comyns' more formal epistle, in which, with the same regard for truth and politeness, she expressed her sorrow at being detained, and how much she regretted leaving Mrs Hay, at a time when she might have been useful—*perhaps* was the qualifying word—and requested her harp to be sent per bearer. Good Robert, who never had seen an harp in his life, except upon an Irish halfpenny, imagined, when he heard them talking of a musical instrument, that it must be a harpsichord, or one of the new fashioned dinna-ken-whats—piannies—had yoked a cart and filled it with clean oat straw, for the accomodation of the stranger—set out forthwith to Ha-hill,

Robert, we should mention, for the information of our younger readers, was a man who really took an interest in all the interests of the family; he was an antiquated servant—a race of beings who, for the curse of Scotland, are now almost extinct; one who, bred up in the house, never thought of talking of it in any other style than as "our house," "our hame;" or of his employers but as "our maister," "our mistress," except when some little fault on either side made a temporary half-hour's breach on the peace or rather cordiality of the intercourse, and then the more respectful terms, "*the* maister," and "*the* mistress," were used—who at the same time exchanged familiar "Rob," or "Roby," for "Robert."

When he arrived at Ha-hill, he delivered his credentials into the lady's own hand, as directed; but besides his public dispatches, there were some separate articles in the treaty intrusted to his care, respecting which he had received no instructions, and these he

handed, along with the others, to the ostensible, and in fact the real negociatrix—to speak without metaphor, Mrs Comyns, along with the letters to Mrs Hay, had sent one for Mr Hay, in which she stated her undisguised opinion—"She thought Miss Stewart would feel herself so happy in the company of agreeable companions of her own age, and she was anxious that a young lady, for whom she had so great an affection, should cultivate the friendship of another (Miss Bruce) to whom she was also much attached, and who, from her rank and connections, might be of much service to one so unprotected as Mary, that she could not let slip the opportunity of detaining her on purpose to give the two an opportunity of being better acquainted with each other—besides, she did not think that an election time was a season of much improvement for a young lady in a house—the focus of a party—where it was necessary a man of so much influence in the county as

Mr Hay, the leader, should receive and entertain freeholders of all descriptions of character; and she concluded by expressing a wish, that whenever he could steal as much time from his more important avocations, he would take a step to Bowerbank, and enjoy, and add to the enjoyment of their pleasant society."

Mrs Hay, as she received the pacquet from Robert, ran over the addresses of its contents, and judging that the letter addressed to Mr Hay would be the most important, she read it first, and after reading it—during which process she honoured the various sentences with *umph, aye, just so*—she carried it to Mr Hay, who was sitting in the next room, and tossing it at him, "there's a letter intended for you, my dear, I believe," she sat down and perused those which were intended for her own more immediate inspection, which she paraphrased at considerably greater length as she went along; beginning with Mrs Comyns, "pre-

vailed upon her to remain a few days!—I wish, my old Madame, you would prevail upon her to stay altogether—prevail!—Hope it will be no inconvenience to me—No, I assure you, it will not be the smallest inconvenience to me to spare her—she was of no use to me—I am very glad to get her out of my road.—Now what does Miss say for herself—she is sorry for being detained, and regrets leaving me at a time when she might have been useful—very good indeed! Didn't I tell her to go, and didn't I desire her to stay if Mrs Comyns asked her?—And send over her harp—she shall have that, if it can be of any service—Mr Hay, my dear, will you touch the bell"—Mr Hay touched the bell with a force which brought the servant in a twinkling.

"Thomas," said his lady, "go and give Miss Stewart's harp to Mrs Comyns' Robert to carry to Bowerbank."

"Young Master William," answered Thomas, "has been playing with it all

morning, and I daresay has broken half a dozen of strings—it can be of no use."

"And why, Sir, did you allow young Master," asked Mr Hay, "to get in and destroy the instrument, or why did he get into Miss Stewart's room at all—has he no other where to amuse himself?"

"He was crying, Sir, and Betty, the nursery maid, took him to the harp to divert him—she never thought he would hurt it."

"She never thought he would hurt it. Send Betty to me!—didn't I desire her to allow none of the children to enter Miss Stewart's room in her absence—I never in my life saw such a house as this, if there be any thing within reach of those children to be destroyed, it will be destroyed, do what I can!"

"Lord, Mr Hay," said his wife, "what a fuss you make about nothing; if the strings be broke, I suppose they can be mended; you look worse than you did when my mirror was smashed, which was worth a dozen

of that thing; but to be sure it wasn't Miss Stewart's, else there would have been more said about it."

"There is some difference between an accident and a boy's mischievous tricks, Mrs Hay," said the gentleman, who immediately rose and walked away to examine the damage done. He found it trifling; and, as Miss Stewart always kept some spare strings, he sent all off together, accompanied with a polite note, to Mrs Comyns, and a verbal message to Miss Stewart. Mrs Hay saw the articles put safely into the cart, and sent her compliments to Mrs Comyns and to Miss Stewart, accompanied with the remark, that Mr Hay, the emphasis on *Mr* had sent the small box containing the strings for the harp.

"He gaed me the box, Madam," said Robert, holding it up to view; then putting it into his pocket, and pinning down the flap, "I'll tak' special care o't for Miss Mary's sake—no to say but what I would do the same for

any body that comes to 'our house,' as weel's my part, only she's a lassie that ilka body likes."

Observing a scoul on Mrs Hay's brow, Robert continued, with an arch mixture of slyness and simplicity in the expression of his features—

"She's a weel fared hissey, maistly as trig as yoursel, madam, when ye was a lass; but you're grown portly--an' she, poor thing's a wee shawpy, as we say—deed, Mistress, she has has the cast o' your countenance; and, gin ance she has had as gude a bairn-time as ye've had, she'll be as like ye as ae egg's like anither."

"Robert, have you got any thing since you came? Betty bring out the bottle, and give Robert a dram," said Mrs Hay to one of her maids, without seeming to attend to the homely compliment of Robert.

"There's nae 'cassion, Ma'am," was Robert's reply.

And when the girl had gone into the

house, and returned with the bottle, from which she filled an overflowing glass, Robert took the bumper into his hand, repeating again, " there's not the smallest occasion, Ma'am," putting it to his head, " but here's wissin your gude health."

The contents disappeared; and, with divers contortions of face, Robert at last accomplished his " Hech! that's gude—ane disna meet wi' the like o' that every day," and returned the glass, which would have held a gill at least, empty into Mrs Hay's hand.

" Tlick, tlick"—with all due deference to Dr Jameson, we apprehend this to be the proper method of spelling the word; but we leave it entirely to him and Mr Pinkerton to settle; if they two disagree, they may call in, as an oversman, Mr George Chalmers; and, if the whole three should be unable to determine, we hope our authority will be deemed sufficient, as we can point out no greater. "Tlick! tlick! get

on, Baussey, you auld co'ut," said Robert, laying his whip gently across the shoulders of an animal, who had been his fellow-servant for twenty years, and the two venerable members began, in the language of the poet, "Homeward to plod their weary way."

Mr Hay, after the cart was gone, as he was returning to his room, met the urchin; who had been the cause of the mischief, and accompanied a sharp reproof with a little wholesome correction. Young master, who had already learned to laugh at every remonstrance, and was almost wholly unacquainted with any other mode of reproof, did not receive the chastisement very quietly, but set up a roar which made the house ring again, and brought his mother in a hurry to the spot; whenever she perceived what was going forward, she flew towards her husband, and snatching the child from under his hands, almost stiffled him with caresses; then after she had succeeded in

soothing him, she turned, with fury in her looks, and trembling with agitation, round upon Mr Hay, "who had hurted her pretty boy," and in a tone which amazed him, accustomed as he was to her furious elocution,—upbraided him with having brought a girl to the house who had done nothing but bred disquiet since ever she came; that other people had eyes as well as himself, —every body was not blind though he might think so, and she was determined she and her family should not be ill used for the sake of any play-house singer or foreigner's bastard;—she would rather leave the house than see her own flesh and blood murdered for breaking a piece wire, merely because it belonged to her, and if ever she saw that harp thing come within her door again, she should never darken it.

When she had concluded her notable harrangue,—she as if she had really believed every word she had been saying,—burst

into a storm of weeping, hardly less audible than her reproaches.

Mr Hay took his hat and walked out.

He had perceived with pain for some time past, the mean jealousy of his wife, who felt her self-importance hurt by the evidently superior accomplishments of Miss Stewart; but he had hoped the mild inoffensive manners of his young friend would have secured her from any violent attack. He now saw that hope destroyed, and knew that to attempt to reason Mrs Hay out of her opinions, was more than useless, that it would only fix her more firmly to them.

Every consideration, therefore, which regarded either Miss Stewart's peace or his own, required her removal from Ha-hill,—but where was she to go?—her mother was in England, and supported almost by charity. He was the only relation in Scotland on whom she could rely. He had asked her to come to Ha-hill not in *forma pauperis*; for he did not know that her mo-

ther was dependent, but on a visit, and as if to do him a favour. How could he break the business to her?—how could he tell her, that to return to his house was to expose herself to vulgar abuse or unmerited contumely? he finished his cogitations by a soliloquy uttered aloud:—" The man's an idiot who marries his house-keeper, he's a fool, a dolt, a——stop!—the curse of Canaan's a sufficient punishment—a servant of servants! what can be worse? only what I suffer; the necessity I am under of using a relation who has every claim upon my affection, of using her ill to please a selfish, ignorant, vulgar,—but she's my wife,—aye, there's the rub."

He satisfied himself, after he had given his passion vent, by recollecting that Miss Stewart was, for the present, very agreeably situated, and would be so for a few weeks to come, during which time he would be able to manage so as to get her comfortably

situated, provided her prospects should be finally overcast.

"I shall never," said he to himself, "forsake the relation who was recommended to my protection by the dying commands of a father, the name of her mother was mingled with my own in his farewell benediction,—they trembled together on his lips, when nature retreating to her last hold, could scarcely spare strength to utter an articulate sound.—No! Mary Stewart, I shall not forsake you!"

A servant who had been in search of him found him, just as he had reached this elevation of sentiment, and announced the arrival of a party of freeholders.

"I must see Mrs Comyns! I am happy Mary is with her,—I wish this election were at the devil!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Here teems with revolutions every hour,
And rarely for the better; or the best
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root: each moment plays
His little weapon, in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort. YOUNG.

WHILE the Ha-hill family, what with elections, and what with broils and divisions internal and external, were playing at sixes and sevens; the more tranquil inhabitants of Bowerbank, who were left almost entirely to their own resources during this season of county turmoil, passed their time supremely happy in their own society, scarcely marking the foot of Time, he tripped so gayly away, and certainly caring as much about the election of a member of

Parliament for the county, as about the choice of a successor to Sir Joseph Banks at the Otaheitean Court of Oberea. They contrived, with the addition of Mr Ainslie, to get up a tolerable concert; Captain Bruce touched the flute, and Mr Ainslie the violin; Mrs Comyns' old harpsichord was engaged, and Miss Bruce made a respectable figure at the keys; but the chief performer was Miss Stewart, who possessed science without losing simplicity, and was, even as a composer, far from being despicable; her attempts, however, were confined chiefly to imitations of the Scottish song style, to which she was particularly partial, and one which bore a resemblance to the sweet air of "Galla Water," she used to sing delightfully as a Solo. She had adapted it to words, which she said were written by a young gentleman, an admirer of her mother's.

Captain Bruce suggested an alteration, with which Miss Stewart acquiesced; and

they sung it so often, and praised it so highly, that at last it obtained currency among themselves, as a charming Duet.

To give our readers an opportunity of passing judgment on the accuracy of their taste, we subjoin the words.

Song.

"I lov'd thee once, I'll love thee ever."

No! not that look, that tear's reproach!
Yet to thy only truest lover,
A dew drop in the cup of love—
I lov'd thee once, I'll love thee ever.

And shall I kiss that tear away
One parting kiss?—
Oh! never, never!
Oh! say not that—say, only say,
I lov'd thee once, I'll love thee ever.

I lov'd thee—thy dear arm in mine—
My bosom—feel its flutt'ring shiver;
The burn—the glen—can Love's star shine?
I lov'd thee once, I'll love thee ever.

I lov'd thee !—When this glowing breath
Shall o'er life's dying taper quiver,
Thee only shall I sigh to leave,
I lov'd thee once, I'll love thee ever !

The appointed week, and part of another, had now elapsed, when Miss Bruce found it impossible to protract her stay longer; every symptom of lameness had long left her brother. She had at least half a dozen of letters from Edinburgh entreating her return. Colonel Muiravon had received an order to join his regiment in a few days, and he took the metropolis in his road. Mrs Comyns herself could no longer find any plausible pretext for detaining her. The carriage was therefore ordered; and with many expressions of affection, Miss Bruce and Colonel Muiravon took their departure. They halted for a short time at the Barracks, where they were joined by Colonel A—— and his Lady, who accompanied them to the city. They arrived in safety, without any occurrence on the road

worth relating. Colonel Muiravon delivered over his fair charge to the Lady with whom she boarded, and set out early next day for the North, where he intended to spend the remainder of his furlough, having obtained the liberty of waiting upon Miss Bruce, a pleasure which he promised himself at his return.

Captain Bruce, too, found himself constrained to leave the hospitable mansion of Bowerbank, and take his turn of duty at the Barracks; but the distance being so short, and the ride so pleasant, his horse contracted a habit of instinctively turning his head to the eastward, unless when the propensity was forcibly opposed; and, somehow or other, the rider always contrived to indulge the animal, so that he was a sort of every day visitor at Mrs Comyns'.

Mr Hay, in his note to Mrs Comyns, had given a latitude to the duration of Miss Stewart's absence, which neither she nor her guest felt any inclination to abridge, when they were obliged to separate.

Mr Hay, owing to the trifling circumstance which we have noticed, was unwillingly constrained to alter his plan; and though he had looked forward with the most delightful anticipations to the superintending care of Miss Stewart, for the formation of his children's, at least his girls' characters; he was forced to forego every thing, in order to preserve appearances.

A moral is often brought in at the end of a Novel. Will our readers indulge, perhaps prematurely, our prerogative, and allow us to conclude our first volume by a few sentences on the "mischief that is done to preserve appearances?"

The man of small fortune, who apes his more wealthy neighbour, and who is spurred on by his gentle Dame to emulate his splendour, often ruins a comfortable independence and a respectable mediocrity—to save appearances. The man of reduced in-

come, whose misfortunes have not taught him wisdom, ashamed to conform himself to his situation, seeking to protract his descent till the ground sinks from beneath him, finds too, that he has been labouring in vain—to save appearances. The man who, struggling on the brink of destruction, grasps at every shadow to save himself for a moment, and involves his friends in his fate; finds sometimes, when too late, that he has sacrificed his only hope of salvation—to save appearances. Mr Hay, who had committed one false step, by descending from his own scite in society, conscious of voluntary degradation, to how many meannesses did he submit—to save appearances? like the man who knows he has done wrong, yet has not the courage to confess, or the effrontery to defend it: he encountered the pangs of self-inflicted misery, without engaging the sympathy due to misfortune, or even the respect which a callous scoundrel's

impudence obtains, when he avows his misconduct—he wished to make the world believe he hada jewel of a wife, and he acted ungenerously—to save appearances!

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

Edinburgh,
Printed by W. Aitchison.

P/C